

THE *Canadian* FORUM

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Commons Comment

D. M. FISHER

► MID-SEASON in mid-parliament! What is the mood and character of the House? Chippy; alternatively apathetic and irascible; not too constructive; the demerits of the huge majority are showing more and more—in opposition shallowness and dearth of work outlets for the mob.

The bloom is off the Diefenbaker rose, even for most of the 207. There seems a growing distaste for the PM in the press gallery, a distaste the opposition has always had since the "hidden report" speech of January, 1958. But the opposition cannot forget the subsequent March debacle; thus its growing derision at the indecision and posturing of the Chief is uneasy. The next election is always the horizon of the politician. Government leadership and policy may be fumbling or mediocre in the House; but is the electorate taking note of the Diefenbaker shortcomings? Insiders may judge that Mr. Diefenbaker has an intense desire to be Prime Minister, without any ideas of what he wants to do as Prime Minister. The last Gallup poll indicates little of this has gotten to the generality.

There seems to be a tendency for more and more PC members to look to Mr. Fleming for leadership and talking points. He has that prideful vanity in himself as a Conservative and in his party that seems such a needed lodestone for the rank and file. It is accepted that the government line this year is from the Minister of Finance. The emphasis on sound, orthodox finance; the cutting of spending across the board; the drive for a balanced budget and the pleasing of the major business interests; all this is joy to the cluster of conservatively-minded members of the ruling party. It happens, however, that many of the most thrusting, able MPs are not so inclined, especially those from the West. These are the disillusioned; the ones who raise Cain in the Wednesday caucus; the ones who are doubting the strength and purpose of the Chief. They are making this an edgy session, likely to burst in midsummer madness. The wrath will fall on the opposition, of course, not on the PM or Mr. Fleming. Indeed, those who object most to the Fleming retrenchment seem to have a grudging admiration for him. In a cabinet without many ideas, he at least radiates confidence that he has some.

In the Liberal administration, the two powerful departments were trade and commerce and finance, with Mr. Howe having an edge over Mr. Harris. The successor to Mr. Howe has fallen behind in the power struggle. Mr. Churchill has not the force of Howe nor the grasp of the role of his department. The big decisions of the administration are made in finance. It is obvious that only Harkness of agriculture, Hamilton of

northern affairs, Fulton of justice, and Hees of transport have respectively, the toughness, the imagination, the intellect, and the brashness to move in Mr. Fleming's league. None is close to him as number two man in the batting order. Fixed, sure, and party proud, his admirers grow while the others have only handfuls of followers. Messrs Green and Nowlan are too old for leadership aspirations, Hamilton too ineffective in the House, Harkness too brusque, Hees to much the Jay-Cee. Mr. Fulton seems isolated in the justice portfolio and his particular conception of conservatism, while the most clear and traditional, has little support.

The notable lacuna in the Cabinet and the House is any strength amongst the French-Canadians. Only Pierre Sevigny takes Pierre Sevigny seriously. Nothing like a strong-man has emerged from Quebec. There is hardly any rapport between the Quebec backbenchers and their English-speaking colleagues. The former play little part in the House and even less in the committees. The Liberals see this as the great opportunity. It could be Mr. Diefenbaker's smartest move. No one can say he pandered to the French-Canadian. He is taking the calculated risk. One can guess his reasons are linked to an appreciation that a prime minister no longer needs a heavy Quebec representation. On the surface everything is blandly "bonne ententish". Quebec is taking the university grants; her federal members are quietly bearing their failure to get patronage; she may even get bilingual cheques or French schools on military establishments. Meanwhile, the way is open for Mr. Diefenbaker to move in any radical direction without much concern over the natural conservatism of the French. While Messrs Martin and Chevrier may convince Mr. Pearson of the importance of a Liberal re-

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surge in Quebec, to gear for it does not make the party more attractive in the rest of Canada.

The Prime Minister has indicated in several ways that he is grooming four younger members for the future: Werner Jorgensen (Provencier), Paul Martineau (Gatineau), Richard Thrasher (Essex West), and Edward Morris (Halifax). Each has assets, especially Mr. Jorgensen who bears a pleasant charm below a dour, prairie, matter-of-factness. The long-rumored cabinet shuffle with Messrs. Pearkes, Brooks, Comtois and Nowlan moving out should come this year. Several of these young men should move in.

During session the centre block is rumor-ridden with most stories centering upon the cabinet and its leader. Several weeks ago the current flap was the poor health of the PM. Mr. Diefenbaker is hard of hearing and he has a muscular tremor of the neck. One story had him seeing a doctor twice a day; another that his physical strength was slipping away. Shortly after hearing the grimmest of these tales I had the chance to watch the PM at close range while he entertained a high school class in his office. He had just finished a long session with the ladies of Elliot Lake. He was the epitome of health, relaxation and enjoyment. The stories of physical dissolution are ghoulish, wishful thinking.

There are a few indications that the Prime Minister is moving away from his opposition-type tactics which hectored the wicked Liberals almost on a weekly basis for two years. The much-maligned Mr. Grosart, reputedly the tactical brain-truster, is anxious for some Olympian detachment by the Chief. The above and beyond the party struggle sort of thing! The PM so relishes attack, not defence, that one doubts this change of face will go far. However, it is true that in the interminable cabinet meetings, he listens more and talks less than his share. Those cabinet members who are instinctively closer to him in outlook, i.e. Alvin Hamilton, Michael Starr, Gordon Churchill and Raymond O'Hurley, tend to lose out to the more articulate Fleming and his backers. The major exceptions to this were the decisions against sending more police to Newfoundland and for spending \$20,000,000 to cushion the freight-rate increase a year ago.

Inside dopesters of experience say cabinets are always split in power struggles so there is nothing surprising about this one. What is unusual stems from the image of the PM as a headstrong, solitary leader. I have a hunch he is so leonine only on and for the hustings or for a packed House.

What of the opposition? Mr. Pearson is open in his contempt for the PM although Mr. Pickersgill is much more effective and vitriolic in hurling the contempt. Mr. Chevrier is working hard enough to convince most of us that he intends to be the Liberal heir-apparent. Mr. Paul Martin is slicker than ever at the unctuous stringing of platitudes into rhetoric which delights the Liberal benches and galls the Tories. The official opposition is fighting harder this year, its attendance slightly better, and Paul Hellyer and Azelus Denis are coming more to the fore.

Should a commentator mention his own party and associates? Well . . . if you are following Hansard I think you will agree that Frank Howard (Skeena) is rapidly becoming a top hand in the House. And Hazen Argue has refused several times an opportunity to speak on wheat.

CURRENT COMMENT

Labour In Its Death Throes

The British Conservative Party, with its deference toward authority and its empirical tradition of policy, could not undergo the self-torture which now disarms the Labour Party. The Conservative Party has swallowed the welfare state with hardly a gulp, and now takes some pride in dissolving what remains of Empire. It has come to 1960 through a bewildering series of blunders and reversals of policy over Suez, Cyprus and Central Africa, but it remains blandly untroubled. Mr. Macmillan masters almost every situation, or appears to. He has the gift of forgetting the past when the past is awkward, and his party accepts his shrewdness.

The Labour Party, without responsibility since 1951, has been living on its memories and dreams. The party leaders, Clement Attlee and Hugh Gaitskell, have not participated in the passionate daydreaming of the left wing, and have seen the changes taking place in British society in the last ten years. But they have never felt strong enough to challenge the traditional socialist image of the nation, and have patched up a series of internal party conflicts by avoiding any absolute commitment either to the old extremes of socialist policy or to a new pragmatic socialism.

In the last two years, Aneurin Bevan himself has become respectable and moderate; on the surface, the party seemed to be adjusting to the prosperous, unembittered, relatively classless society which Labour had helped to create. The leaders' tactic of waiting for the party to come round seemed to be the wise one. The discussion which began in 1955 over a revised program for the party proceeded slowly and without excitement.

In Labour's statements on nationalization, however there was a certain ambiguity which troubled voters last autumn. The party was reluctant to make nationalization an issue; to some this suggested a split within the party, and to others that the party was playing down unpopular plans for further nationalization of industry. It probably lost votes for both reasons.

The destructive controversy that has erupted in the Labour Party since the election has revealed all the suppressed discontents of the left wing militants. At last they have shown their suspicion of where Mr. Gaitskell is leading them. At the party conference last November, Mr. Gaitskell, on his side, indulged his natural desire to be finished with compromises and ambiguities and misunderstandings, by calling for a revision of the party constitution. He picked out the symbolic clause which promises "common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange," and asked that it be modified to show Labour's modern belief in a mixed economy.

The angry reaction of the left wing to his suggestion has forced Mr. Gaitskell, in the last four months, to reaffirm his belief that the clause is out of date, and to insist on a showdown. Last autumn he probably hoped to avoid a showdown: to drop a hint of what the party must sometime admit, and to go on to a more important statement of new socialist principles. But the left wing has forced a struggle. Mr. Gaitskell chose a meeting of the party's National Executive Committee in March for

the first round, and apparently lost it. The clause remains unchanged, and a new declaration of principles has been added to the old. Before Mr. Gaitskell pointedly raised the issue of the common ownership clause, this might have been a satisfactory end to the party's theological debate. But today, having committed himself to the destruction of the clause, Mr. Gaitskell can hardly settle for less. Conservatives and Liberals will remind the public of his failure, and the left wing is not likely to grow fond of him again. He will be under pressure from both sides, and from his own conscience, to fight to a conclusion. If he wins a revision of the constitution at the party conference next fall, the left wing may break away; if he loses, he will be forced to resign. The new leader may then find himself fighting the same battles.

Mr. Gaitskell is in an unhappy position. It is easy to conceive years of inconclusive civil war in the Labour Party, while the public re-elects the Conservatives and turns to the peaceful Liberals as the alternative government. The era of ideological politics in Britain may be ending. Mr. Gaitskell and his young supporters sense this, and hope to turn the Labour Party into a machine as lively and opportunist as the modern Conservative Party. They are frustrated by the very conservative nature of the Labour Party.

D. S.

The End of the World is at Hand

We received in the mail last month—as you undoubtedly did—a missive from *The Forum's* old friend Frank Buchman, who is still busy at making himself immortal. It is diverting to become absorbed for a few moments in the no-nonsense world of Moral Re-Armament, where history is a simple and deadly duel between communism and MRA, and MRA is the means of salvation. Mr. Buchman is endearing in his modesty.

MOTHERS

Who am I to argue with them
When they smile
At a painted stem
Or theorem
Or say: the style
Of the composition is good.
We understood.

There seems nothing I could point out
To them about
Pyramids they didn't know:
Not why men lead
Peoples, or like to read
Their names in capital lettering.
Surely, the child dwarfs everything!

They will say: what is sound
Without ear, and eye
Without sight, and touch
Without hand?
Have we not crowned
Whatever men may try
To attempt? Nothing seems much
Without life to comprehend.

There is nothing I could reply.

Anthony Frisch

The pamphlet exposes how rotten with crypto-communists are our social institutions. MRA agrees with the recent American army manual that the churches of North America are deeply infected by communism; so are the universities, and those labor unions that have not been cleansed by MRA. The only refuges of the incorrupt are the armed forces of the United States and NATO, and an island in the Mackinac Straits which is the shrine of Buchmanism. (Would we be presumptuous to add Madison Avenue?)

Moral Re-Armament sees the hidden hand of international communism in most bad things, and in the good things, the equally mysterious hand of—Moral Re-Armament. Why didn't western Europe collapse and turn communist after 1947? There were three reasons: the Marshall Plan, the Schuman Plan, and MRA. The first two deserve only three sentences of comment, while the influence of MRA is explained in a page and a half. (It had something to do with the conversion of coal miners in Warwickshire and Gelsenkirchen.) There is a vague suggestion that MRA is on the verge of stopping all strikes in American industry, and a confession that it has made possible "the voluntary joint action that is necessary to make effective the European Common Market, NATO and all schemes to save and extend the free world." Mr. Buchman receives "many messages" from Chancellor Adenauer telling him of MRA's "unseen but effective part" in negotiating international agreements. We can imagine the visits from a Buchmanite angel that Hon. George Drew must have had while attending the international conference on the laws of the sea.

The heartwarming ideology of MRA ("absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love") seems to dictate, at this time, four policies for the West: no strikes, no recognition of China, no trade with the communists, and no cultural exchanges between East and West. If we bear these signs on our banners, and hold high the flaming sword of MRA, purity will triumph. There is a wistful hint that Mr. Khrushchev himself would make an ideal convert, for he ". . . could be a magnificent revolutionary Christian."

Alas, on page thirty comes the pitch. MRA requires "major investment" to roll back communism. Contributions are deductible from your income tax.

D. S.

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Canadian Calendar

- Canadian coal production in January was down 15.5 per cent from January, 1959.
- Of 360 films viewed in 1959 by Ontario censors, one—a Mexican film—was rejected.
- Social Welfare Minister Bentley of Saskatchewan has asked the federal government to provide its own facilities if capital punishment must be carried out in the province. There have been no executions in the province since 1946.
- Recent civil aviation agreements: with Germany, Canada exchanged rights between Montreal and Chicago for rights between Dusseldorf and Vienna; from France, Canada received rights between Paris and Rome for rights between Montreal and Chicago; Canada gave Britain rights at Malton in return for the right to originate direct non-stop flights to Britain from Western Canada, and some rights from London to the European continent.
- The Canadian Army has reached its manpower ceiling of 49,000. Only single men are now being accepted.
- Canada is building its first satellite, to be launched in November, 1961, at U.S. expense, from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. The satellite is to relay information about the top of the ionosphere, which shields the earth from most of the sun's ultra-violet rays. The behaviour of the ionosphere frequently disrupts long-distance radio communications, especially in Canada, since the rays from space which excite the ionosphere tend to concentrate around the magnetic poles. Canada hopes to give interested countries the code information so that scientists in monitoring stations of other countries can take readings as the satellite passes over.
- Tom Mboya, a spokesman for the Pan-African movement, asked during his visit to Toronto in February that Canada express moral support for the Africans struggling against discrimination.
- The Audubon Society of Canada and the Newfoundland Natural History Society are working to combat the menace to the province's seabird population of surplus oil dumped by ships near the Newfoundland coast. The oil dumped into the open sea drifts to the coves and beaches where birds become trapped in the sticky mess. The estimate for this year alone is that 250,000 birds will die as a result of oil pollution, and at least one species is thought to be in immediate danger of extirpation.
- 2,785 tons of scrap from the Arrow jet interceptor program has been sold through Crown Assets Disposal Corp. for \$304,370.
- Industrialist K. C. Irving of Saint John, N.B., has pledged one hundred million dollars in industrial development if the Chignecto Canal to join the Bay of Fundy with Northumberland Strait, is built.
- By the end of 1960, 24 intersections in Metropolitan Toronto will be regulated by remote control in a series of tests to determine whether an electronic computer should be installed to control traffic for the entire area. The computer is capable of plotting traffic control in bad weather, and permitting exclusive rights of way for police, fire and ambulance vehicles as needed, as well as solving routine traffic problems and keeping traffic at an even flow.
- Canada's prison population is about 20,000, of which one-third is under 24 years of age. In 1958, there were 994 paroles; in 1959, these increased to 2,038. One hundred and ten violated parole and were sent back to prison.
- Excessive radiation in the fluorspar mines of St. Lawrence, Nfld., has been linked with the high rate of lung cancer among men working underground. Lung cancer deaths at the town's two mines have averaged three a year since 1948. Underground workers went on strike March 10 for installation of ventilating equipment in the pits.
- The federal government has given 15,000,000 pounds of surplus pork to charitable and welfare organizations in Canada and abroad.
- Charles J. Woodsworth, consul and information officer at the Canadian Consulate-General in New York, has been appointed Canadian commissioner to the International Truce Supervisory Commission in Vietnam. He succeeds John Price Erichsen-Brown who is returning to Ottawa for an appointment to be announced later.
- The government of India plans to open a tourist centre in Toronto to serve all of Canada.
- The Governor-General's award for English fiction was won by Hugh MacLennan for his novel *The Watch that Ends the Night*; Irving Layton's *Red Carpet for the Sun* won the English poetry award. The French fiction prize went to Andre Giroux for *Malgre Tout, la Joie*, and the French non-fiction award to the Rt. Rev. Felix-Antoine Savard for *Le Barachois*.
- Last year, Ontario mines produced 12,399 tons of Canada's 15,497 ton uranium production.
- The CBC has sold \$200,000 worth of TV shows to one of Britain's commercial television companies.
- Unemployment insurance benefits have been denied to 125 men at Rouyn, Quebec, who refused to accept jobs as woodcutters in the bush.
- Planning officials of Canadian utility systems are considering construction of EHV—extra high voltage—lines for moving large volumes of power over long distances. Principally as a result of research in Sweden and Russia, power can be successfully transmitted from remote hydro sites to industrial centres 600 miles away, at voltages up to 800 kv. The high costs of such lines would be balanced by the savings in the cost of installing separate capacity in each system to provide adequate emergency reserve and to meet peak load demand—especially as power demand peaks in Canada follow one another westward at one-hour intervals through the time zones.

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Sense and Problem of the Population Problem

DENNIS M. WRONG

► STUDENTS OF POPULATION, who have long been concerned with the relation between the increase of numbers and the availability of resources to support them, find their subject at last receiving the attention its importance merits. Public discussion is unquestionably preferable to indifference, but it needs to be said that many current pronouncements on the "population explosion" reveal more about the passions and doctrinal beliefs of the speaker than about the realities of the problem. No doubt this is inevitable where moral and religious convictions regarding the family, sex, child-bearing, and the role of women—always emotion-laden topics—are at the very heart of the matter. But concern over population problems and controversies over public policy towards them are likely to increase rather than diminish in the years ahead as the consequences of continuing growth of numbers, particularly in the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa, loom ever-larger in our awareness.

The facts of world population growth and the distribution of world resources are not subject to controversy. The desirability of the underdeveloped countries attaining a standard of living closer to our own by means that avoid war or the risk of war and under non-Communist, preferably democratic, governments is also generally acknowledged. Disagreement centers on rival interpretations of the facts, interpretations which clash on the question of whether population growth is an aid or an obstacle to raising standards of living and on what the effects of limiting growth by encouraging the spread of birth control are likely to be. These differences are usually rooted in disagreements over the morality of various methods of birth control.

Too often the whole subject is discussed as if only two points of view in direct conflict with one another existed: that of those who wish to limit population growth by means of birth control on the one hand, and that of those who favor an all-out effort to raise food production on the other. Most students of the problem refuse to see these as mutually exclusive alternatives and advocate a joint program of encouraging both birth control and economic development. Moreover, they favor an economic development plan that is designed to increase the production of all goods and services rather than merely of food alone. The governments of several underdeveloped countries, most notably India, are committed to promoting the voluntary practice of birth control as part of their general objective of modernizing their economies and raising the standard of living.

Since what we loosely call the standard of living of a country is determined by the relation between the size of its population and its total economic production, it makes obvious sense if we wish to raise that standard to try to influence *both* sides of the numbers-output equation. More accurately, it makes sense to try to control population growth as well as to increase output if the population is already so large and so densely settled that additional people will have no room to spread out onto unsettled land and will not increase the produc-

tivity of labor by making possible greater occupational specialization. These conditions clearly are present in India, Pakistan, China and Egypt, and they are just as clearly absent in Canada, Australia, and several South American nations. Thus the high rates of population growth in the latter group of countries provide little cause for alarm, while the somewhat lower growth rates of the former group are a major source of anxiety.

In brief, those who favor the spread of birth control do so largely because they believe on good evidence that reduced population growth will make possible more rapid economic progress and speedier elimination of the terrible poverty afflicting the majority of the inhabitants of the world's underdeveloped countries. They fear that without a slowing up of population increase these countries may simply end up supporting more people at the same low standard of living, whereas a successful program combining population control with economic development would enable a somewhat smaller total population to achieve what we in the West consider to be minimum standards for human decency and dignity. It is, therefore, absurd to accuse the proponents of birth control of being misanthropes who want fewer people in the world and lack faith in the ability of science and technology to raise the standard of living. Yet this charge is frequently made by people who are determined to avoid recognizing the necessity of controlling population growth.

Sometimes, it is true, those who voice alarm over population growth do not make clear exactly why we should be alarmed. Frequently, they paint horrendous pictures of a future world in which people are packed shoulder to shoulder covering every square foot of space on the earth. The false inference is drawn, or at least suggested, that unless the present rate of population growth drops we are likely to end up living in such a sardine-can world. The point, however, is not that such a world is a real possibility but rather that it is inconceivable: long before we were confined to "standing room only," population growth would fall as a result of a rise in the death rate. The population cannot go on increasing indefinitely; it *must* eventually reach a point of stability. While it is possible for the world to support a population a good deal larger than the present one, our fundamental choice is between achieving population stability by lowering the birth rate and achieving it by allowing the death rate to rise. Let those who object to birth control declare themselves in favor of higher mortality instead. The world's present population problems could be solved for a long time by a few mass famines, a world-wide repetition of the Great Plagues of late Medieval Europe, or, for that matter, by several well-placed H-bombs. Do we want to see them solved in this way?

I have made what many will regard as a damaging concession by admitting that the world is capable of supporting a considerably larger population. I shall go even further and concede that a larger population could be supported at a higher standard of living than prevails today in the poorer countries. If this is so, why all the talk about birth control? Why not mobilize all our efforts to raise production? If tractors, fertilizers, pesticides and other modern agricultural techniques were universally adopted in the underdeveloped countries, their productivity could be increased by an amount sufficient to take care of considerable population growth.

And if we consider such possible new sources of food as algae from the world's oceans or processed wood, prospects appear even more favorable. Furthermore, space travel will alleviate the continued pressure of growing numbers by permitting emigration to other planets, so the sky is literally no limit. Do not all these considerations justify those who pooh-pooh the alarmist talk about population explosions?

The answer must be no for several reasons. It is a mistake to equate what is *technically* possible with what has a reasonable probability of happening in this world of competing national sovereignties, revolutions, and ideological and racial antagonisms. The truly herculean effort required to maintain a rate of economic growth high enough to keep perpetually ahead of uncontrolled population expansion is just not likely to be forthcoming. Suppose it should require the United States to devote a share of its budget equal to what is now spent on national defense to foreign economic aid. Can we take for granted the acquiescence of the American electorate? Greatly increased expenditures on foreign aid are going to be necessary in any case even where the receiving countries are vigorously trying to reduce their population growth. Why make it harder? It will undeniably be difficult to persuade illiterate peasants to adopt effective methods of birth control. But the chances of doing so are far better than the chances of winning a never-ending race between economic growth and population increase.

Let us assume that the marvels of science and technology do succeed in creating a world in which productivity rises at unprecedented rates. Those who talk blithely of algae out of the sea and rockets to Mars rarely pause to ask themselves whether we really want to live in a world where population pressure compels us to rely on such expedients and leaves us no choice. Even if other planets are habitable, astronomers doubt whether they would be very pleasant places to live. And even though a sardine-can world is a fantasy and a larger world population can be comfortably supported, are we utterly indifferent to considerations of space and density? Do we care nothing if the world resembles Levittown, Long Island, as long as people get enough to eat? It is curious that those who oppose birth control should so often think of themselves as conservatives, as upholders of tradition, for the transformation of our way of life required to support a vastly larger population would be far greater than that resulting from world-wide adoption of birth control.

We need have no difficulty in imagining what a world in which birth control is universally practised would be like. For birth control is *already* widely practiced in the major countries of Western civilization. Several sociological studies indicate it is practiced by a large majority of Americans and that the more effective methods are extensively used by members of all religious groups. Thus the belief that mass use of birth control is an untried, new-fangled notion amounting to an unprecedented departure from the wisdom and restraint of the past is without any foundation. The West has already rejected the relatively uncontrolled fertility of the past in the last century with the result that her population growth is now firmly under control, the birth rate flexibly adjusting to changing economic trends. This is the goal the East must now achieve under far more difficult conditions.

Those who do not approve of birth control would do better to base their opposition on religious or absolutist moral grounds alone. These are, of course, the real grounds for opposition in most cases, but their upholders invariably seek additional support by advancing questionable arguments about the purely secular problem of the relation between population growth and economic progress. Even those who do not share it can respect the integrity of a truly religious position. But instead of hiding behind shaky arguments, such a position should be stated forthrightly even when, as in the present case, it can only make the ancient demand, unacceptable to most of us, that justice be done though the world perish.

The European School

PATRICIA VAN DER ESCH

► THE FORMATION OF A SCHOOL to teach children who speak at least four different languages is a fascinating pedagogical experiment. The first European school has been built in Luxemburg for approximately 700 children of the European civil servants who work, in all capacities and in all ranks, for the European Coal and Steel Community. From the beginning in 1953 the need for a common school was apparent because the Luxemburg children are taught in their own language, which is distinct from German or Dutch. The government of the Grand Duchy gave every encouragement to the original plans for an European school.

The school is governed by a Superior Council consisting of the representatives of the ministers of education of the six countries concerned. The Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) pays the cost from its own budget. A Council of Inspection is composed of school inspectors from each country who travel periodically to Luxemburg and control the work that is being done in each class. There is an Administrative Council for daily affairs and an active PTA. The headmaster is a Frenchman, Marcel Decombe, who was given leave of absence from the ECSC to direct the fortunes of the new school.

It started with a kindergarten and primary school classes for 140 of the youngest children. The first two grades of the secondary school were set up in September, 1955, and each year a further grade was added until, in 1958, the final twelfth grade was established. A breakdown into national groups shows that there are 133 Belgians, 207 French children, 92 Italians, 133 Germans, 94 Netherlanders, 22 Luxemburgers, and 34 children of other nationalities, principally children of diplomats accredited to the court of the Grand Duchess Charlotte. There are 53 members of the teaching staff who teach 48 classes simultaneously every morning.

Children in the kindergarten and up to Grade II receive pasteurized milk to drink every day. This is necessary because of the long school hours which were made to fit in with the ECSC office hours. The children arrive at school at 8:30 and do not leave until 12:45 six mornings a week. In Grade III the children return two afternoons a week for two hours. Classes in the secondary school are held on the basis of our university system, each student having his or her own time table. The school building, completed in December, 1957, is a beautiful modern structure built in an "E" shape with separate courtyards for recreation for various age

groups. The school is coeducational and there are no fees.

The curriculum is organized on the basis of four language sections—German, French, Italian, and Dutch—because the school must provide a level of education in conformity with the schools in the child's own country so that at any moment he may be reintegrated into his national school system. The second principal aim is, of course, to lay the basis for unity among the various European language groups. This is done by emphasizing languages; from the first year a pupil has an hour's instruction a day in a second language. In the secondary school, history and geography are taught to combined national classes. The instructors in art and physical education use all four languages and here again the national sections are mixed in each class. At recreation every day, the children of the same age group of all nationalities play together, using whichever of their second languages they may have in common.

The primary school instruction lasts for five years; the secondary school instruction covers seven years. Grammar, literature, classical languages, and mathematics are taught in the mother tongues. To maintain a standard among each of the four sections of the primary school while allowing each teacher to adapt his teaching to the intellectual level of his pupils, common goals are set for arithmetic, reading, and writing in their own tongue and for the second language. The introduction to history and geography is left to the teacher's discretion and is based on textbooks from the child's own country.

In the second year of the secondary school (at the age of 13) history and geography are taught only in French and German. The Italian and Dutch children will have been studying one of these languages since they were six. At the same time, the children begin to learn Latin. English is added in the third year. Biology, physics, chemistry, and the history of art are taught from the first year of secondary school.

WHEN HE IS FOURTEEN, before he begins the fourth year of secondary school, the student must choose between three courses: 1) Latin and Greek, the strictly classical education, 2) Latin, mathematics and science, or 3) the modern section of mathematics and science.

In teaching literature, the instructors emphasize the influence of neighboring countries on national literary movements. All schools of philosophy and all methods are taught impartially. History is taught by a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Dutchman and a Luxemburger to classes where two or more nationalities are mixed. A committee of history teachers is preparing a textbook for the school based on the textbooks used in all six countries. When this publication appears, it might be a useful guide to the teaching of modern European history in our Canadian schools and first year university courses.

Geography is also taught in an original manner. The first four years of the secondary school are devoted to the student's own country and to Europe. In the three last years he studies general geography and the most important economic agglomerations in the world. In regional geography, the ECSC countries have first place and from the second year they are studied as a unity.

To attain an academic standard as high as that existing within the national systems of education, a common examination is taken by every child as junior matricula-

tion, or school-leaving certificate. The statute of the European Baccalaureat, as it is called, was signed by the ministers of education of the six countries in July, 1957, and the first class graduated in July, 1959. This diploma gives every student the right to enter any university or any job in the six countries on an equal footing with the children who have gone through the national systems of education.

The European Baccalaureat consists of six written examinations in the mother tongue of the student, covering literature, philosophy, mathematics, and the student's second language, and four oral examinations, two on literary themes and two in science in which the student must use both his languages. An International Jury, presided over by a professor from one of the six countries, examines the students.

The school attempts to find a common denominator for the different aspects of each national school system. Thus all Dutch students have to take philosophy, which is not included in Dutch school-leaving requirements any more than it is in Canadian junior matriculation. The problems faced are numerous. For example, the children of Latin stock tend to mature earlier than Dutch and German children, and the emphasis in education is different. It is normal for the French child to start to read and write and do arithmetic at five, and he works longer hours with more homework. The proverb about "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" never seems to have been heard in France, with the result that the French have perhaps the highest academic standard of education in the world. The German and Dutch educators, on the other hand, want the children to enjoy school as well as studying hard; they do more handwork and sports and less homework.

The results will only be seen when those who graduate go on to university and into jobs where they compete with students who have gone through national school systems. Nevertheless, it is certain that these children, who have the unique opportunity to work and play with children from other countries, will have a formation which is broader than those who have never left their own country. It may well be that the European school is forging one of the strongest links in the chain of European unity.

IN ORBIT

Born, I, flip side of moon
way out, like outside,
born old, rain-eyed,
id-stifled,
soul stuffed in square dimension,
sick-stretched on bourgeois bed.

So never did I breathe a pure despair
'till I heard Kerouac speak out loud and queer.
Then felt I like some comet in the skies
like nervous, wire-strung,
impelled, compelled,
soulish,
in frantic orbit, man,
articulate inside expresso walls.

M. E. Drew

Mrs. Warkentine

A SKETCH BY ALICE EEDY

► I SEEM TO REMEMBER so well, looking back: (it was November too, I remember cold hands, leafless trees) incredibly, Mrs. Warkentine, that was her name. I seem to remember how small she was, almost twisted with smallness the way a little gnarled apple has been warped or withered by privation in an orchard as the end product of some wintry blast, a chain or cycle of winters. Her face was like that, the eyes and features squeezed into it as if there were not enough room in the little triangle of space shaped like a root vegetable with hank of hair. And I remember a darkness, a shadowiness like industrial grime or the shadow of a man's unshaven cheek over her face, the effect of greying hair still with black in it, eyes bug-black embedded beneath greying brows; the partially toothless gums.

And she lived in one of those narrow crowded white stucco places with a door like a black slot down near Queen, where it was so congested, smoky, sooted o'er, that you could not imagine a home here and yet they were there in rows of minuscule stucco quaintness, cottage-like hominess, total dark deterioration direct on the street with their tiny doorways, shallow steps, carved parlor windows, doll-like roofs, damp boards sinking, plaster cracking in gashes, glass panes splintered, stuffed with cardboard or rags. And it was cold in November, had a walled, train-like coldness.

And inside one of these tiny cramped dwellings, down a narrow lightless hallway whose linoleum furled up, tripping the foot with a metallic snapping sound, Mrs. Warkentine lived. She lived in the end room at the back which was bare-floored, bare-walled, dark like a room in a story, and she lived here like a woman in a cottage in a wood. I remember the one kitchen chair smooth with wear, backless but having legs, beside a tin discolored sink, a vagueness of darkness; remember the smell which was musty, cold, atmospheric, faintly sour.

And in this back room at the end of the narrow pitch-black hall which passed other rooms, shut, stalely curtained over, from which one could hear the faint click of a saucepan on an electric plate beside a bed, where people lived an inch away, hushed behind the curtain; —Mrs. Warkentine who was on a kind of pension sat peeling onions all day. She got so much for every pail of onions she peeled, and she sat there on the rungless chair holding her hands in water with the knife covering the onions which were contained in a pail, for the reason she explained, that they then did not bother her eyes. She peeled them for a pickle-factory or a small cannery-factory nearby.

Her husband was dead. She had a married son who was in the army away overseas, gone since the beginning, for years.

And I remember that now: remember the quality of those streets in autumn, first the colored leaves showing above crowded colored brick houses with fancy trimming and old white pillared porches, or showing above the walled row of white stucco dwellings with darkened doorways. Motley figures of children with board scooters, passers-by, filled the sidewalks. There was now and then the autumn pungent smell of chili sauce wafting from the houses into the cool golden sunny air, providing an element of normalcy. Here and there was a good

verandah in fair repair, with steps, solid pillars, a varnished, glassed front door.

Then in November it became cold, freezing the hands, specks of snow appeared. Doorways assumed a cold greyish potato-color, there was a glass-like bleakness enclosing the frozen stucco walls crowned with grating. And inside one of those narrow dark places I remember Mrs. Warkentine peeling the slippery whitish onions as if by night, hour after hour.

The Mysteries of Orpheus

DARYL HINE

I

On a Thracian hillside, amid the Thracian pines,
The acorn-bearing oak trees, the grape-laden vines,
Orpheus sat musing, his five-string lyre unstrung;
Since he sang in Hell anew he had not sung—
Neglect the measured cadence! Melody put by!
What are the charms of music if Eurydice can die?

Orpheus sat musing, his elbow on his knee,
His head cupped in his hand, his back against a tree,
Motionless and marvellous like one that slept.
Silence was his mourning, silently he wept,
Not a sound came from him, never a sob or sigh.
Mute are the charms of music when Eurydice can die.

Silence was his mourning, the silence that he tamed
On the world's first morning when one by one he named
The various elements, and, naming, praised them all.
His was the invention, by his words we call
Wood and stream and mountain, earth and sea and sky.
What are the charms of nature if Eurydice can die?

His was the invention, he first underground
Ventured in search of treasure, after lost love, and found
Ceremonious chambers, each sealed up and apart,
On whose walls he wasted his feeling and his art,
Knowing they would not listen, that it was vain to try.
Deaf to the charms of music, Eurydice can die.

Ceremonious chambers illumined from within
Are the shells of sinners, those anchorites of sin,
All courtiers of Hades, their coal-black king,
And fair Persephone, his forced bride, the Spring,
Whom Orpheus with his harmonies compelled to cry,
Taught by the charms of music that Eurydice can die.

And fair Persephone, in whom the poet stirred
Memories of earthly music she had heard
Once when gathering flowers on the sea shore long ago,
Waved her etiolated hand and bade him go,
Without looking back, to the world above—
Great are the charms of music if that music can win love.

Without looking back, puzzled what it meant
To be thus dismissed, still singing his lament,
He climbed to Hell's great gateway dividing night and
day,
Then looked over his shoulder and saw melt away
Eurydice, who had a second time to die.
What are the charms of music if Eurydice can die?

II

What is that sound in the forest, that wild barbaric
song?
Where are these women rushing in enthusiastic throng?
—Tonight is the winter solstice and they feel the days
prolong.

Tell me their names and numbers—what is it they sing
More drunkenly, more coarsely than warriors revelling?
—These are the Sacred Nine that guard the Pierian
spring.

What is this other music, harmonious and mild,
To which dumb beasts are listening like rocks and trees
beguiled?
—That is the song of Orpheus, the Muse's only child.

What is his mother doing along with all the rest,
Now tearing at her hair, now beating on her breast?
—Theirs is nature's mystery, they rave and do not rest.

Look how they draw round him, like hornets through
the wood;
Their heads are crowned with ivy and their hands are
stained with blood.

His harping and his singing, each delicate accord
Unhurried and unshaken, each elevated word
Above the female frenzy are no more admired nor
heard.

III

Between the banks of winter there flows an obscure
stream
Called hereabouts the Hebrus; bright its waters seem
As in a filthy ditch lost, precious objects gleam.

Severed from his shoulders the poet's naked head
Fell upon the waters, singing as it fled,
A note, a drop of music for every drop it bled.

It floated over shallows where horse and oxen drank,
It floated over dreadful depths and never sank,
And in its middle course avoided either bank.

Following the stream in gradual descent,
At first it was a spring whose force could not be spent
In tunefully inquiring, Where the water went?

Borne upon the current, a vehicle of art.
The banks on either side are farther, now, apart.
The river flows into the sea where all our rivers start.

And you on the other side and I lament on this.
What distance lies between, inserted in the kiss,
What coldness and what darkness, what metamorphosis?

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THE CANDIAN FORUM

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Television Notebook

► IT WAS AT LEAST slightly brilliant of *Close-Up* to begin its two-part series on Mackenzie King (March 10 and March 17) by showing us a series of sidewalk interviews with anonymous citizens. Douglas Leiterman, the writer-interviewer who prepared the series, asked his subjects what they thought of Mackenzie King. One man said "I'm an old sweat" and declared himself against King on the conscription issue. Another said: "He helped the industrialization of Canada. Hurrah for Mackenzie King!" One girl remembered vaguely taking him up in social studies. But most of the people Leiterman interviewed had never heard of King. Dead only ten years, the most remarkable of all Canadian prime ministers was unknown to the young and forgotten by their elders.

This was a shocking note on which to begin, and a chastening experience for anyone involved in the mass media. It should remind us all that just about nothing can be taken for granted when you deal with a million viewers or a few hundred thousand readers: again and again, the polls tell us, a large percentage of Canadians cannot name the current prime minister, cannot identify men who have been famous for decades. And there, before our eyes, were Canadian citizens—normal people, on their way to normal jobs, out to do their normal shopping—who could not quite recall the significance of a man who appeared on the front pages of every newspaper in the country almost every week for more than twenty years.

But the producers of *Close-Up* apparently did not realize what they were demonstrating, for they went to produce two one-hour shows which gave only marginal glimpses of King's life, never explained his accomplishments, never probed into the real issues of his life. There were two long, fascinating interviews with a pair of rather batty mediums (or is the word "media"?) who told us about his interviews with his dead dog and his messages from the dead Roosevelt. There were interviews with Jack Pickersgill and Lester B. Pearson, and these were excellent, especially when they offered comments like Pickersgill's warning against the man who is both a bachelor and a prime minister: "There's practically nobody to laugh at you and practically nobody to tell you that you're making a fool of yourself." We heard about the one true love of his life (his mother ruled against the girl as too poor and too insignificant) and about the fact that in 1919 he sadly told a woman acquaintance: "I've just been made Liberal leader and I have no one to share it with."

This was all good television, but bad biography—pleasantly gossipy but never stimulating or in any sense educational. The producers could argue, of course, that they were presenting only the personal side of King, but this would not be good enough. Throughout the shows they assumed knowledge on the part of the viewer which they had no right to assume: they assumed, for instance, that everyone knew what "the Byng crisis" was when Eugene Forsey mentioned it, and that everyone would immediately recognize such figures as Pickersgill, Bruce Hutchison, and M. J. Coldwell, and immediately understand their relationship with King. But we can hardly blame them for this: they were merely producing a good TV show. To explain what it was all about would have been much duller, and everyone knows that at all costs

—even at the cost of baffling the audience—you must avoid the slightest hint of dullness.

ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE aspects of political coverage on television is TV's ability to expose phoniness. As television's admirers have often pointed out, it shines a cold, hostile light on the demagogue. (It also presents the sincere fool in a favorable light, but perhaps that's another argument.) In any case, this habit of exposing anything slightly fraudulent is fine for politics; but what about drama? The recent performance of Bernard Shaw's *Candida* on *Ford Startime* raised some uncomfortable questions.

The last scene of Shaw's most famous domestic comedy contains—as it turns out—some remarkably fatuous lines. At one point Shaw made *Candida* say to the preacher-husband who is contending for her love with the poet-fool: "I am waiting for your bid." At another point she says: "Let us sit down and talk about it like three friends," proposing a rational discussion of their marital futures. At the end, when the truth comes home, her husband declares nobly: "What I am you have made me." There are half a dozen more like this. The scene, in fact, is a treasury of banality.

But perhaps this is like complaining because *Julius Caesar* contains too many quotations. Perhaps Shaw's lines, so outrageous only half a century ago, have worked their way so far down into common speech that they are now part of the anthology of clichés which everyone carries unwillingly in his head; perhaps, therefore, they have lost dramatic value. But it must go deeper than that. They never disturbed me on the stage, never kept me from regarding *Candida* as a penetrating, enjoyable comedy. Yet on TV they sounded a tinny, hollow note and left me wondering morosely whether the play had ever possessed any real value.

You can blame some of this failure on Mario Prizek's earthbound production, and particularly on Kate Reid's humorless reading of *Candida*: by converting *Candida* into a hideous caricature of Enlightened Woman, she made her emerge as a much greater monster than Shaw could ever have intended. Nevertheless, the play still has firm values: the struggle between the self-dramatizing poet and the glib preacher-socialist; the slow stirring of the woman who has been told to be herself and now decides, outrageously, to do just that; the horrifying relationship of the child-man to the woman who protects, praises and perhaps ultimately crushes him. These values should, after all, be sturdy enough to survive a production that was at least competent. The fact that they didn't manage to do so indicates another limitation of TV—a limitation that may be more serious, for television drama, than any other.

When Shaw's phrases are set free by the style and sweep of a stage production—so obviously artificial, so patently "special," so sincerely insincere—their individual frailties can be ignored or at least quickly forgotten in the overriding shape and sense of the play. But television, as it speaks to us in the stutter-language of close-up, medium close-up, two-shot and then close-up again, does not easily show us the shape of the play. It gives us, more often than not, a series of small, colorful paint-chips rather than a mosaic of words and phrases. "Assemble these yourself," it seems to say, and then dumps them awkwardly in our living room. The phrases arrive before us, tied to narrow naturalistic setting and

uttered in the naturalistic style that TV imposes on its actors. And there they lie, exposed, naked in their imperfections, ludicrous in their artificiality. TV teaches us to expect reality—teaches us, in fact, to demand it.

Exposure like this is perfect if you look to television for a lesson in the intricacies of dramatic writing, or for an analysis of Shaw's dialogue problems. Otherwise, it's faintly indecent.

THE BOARD OF BROADCAST GOVERNORS recently awarded the independent commercial television license in Toronto—the richest single gift made by any government agency in several years—to the firm of Baton-Aldred-Rogers. This firm is controlled principally by John Bassett, John David Eaton, and Joel Aldred—that is, the publisher of a Tory newspaper which believes that Mayor Nathan Phillips of Toronto is a fine statesman; the head of a department store notorious for its union-busting activities; and the man who sells automobiles on television. Normally I would devote most of this space to commenting on the award, but since the three men who received it represent all that I find most deplorable in Canadian life, I'm afraid that I'm prejudiced against them from the beginning. Therefore, I find myself incapable of making any reasoned comment.

ROBERT FULFORD

FROM "EDITH" — CHORUS

Sometimes I dare
To cast my gaze upon his countenance
Caressing tenderly each furrow of his brow
Each playful hair
That slyly slips

Across his forehead
As he unconsciously
Fingers it back; his lips
The casual way he wears his shirt
One button open at the throat,
No tie;
As if his clothes were optional
But I
Suspect

He tried it several ways
Before he got the right
Effect.
His concentration, deeply intent
Upon the dull ancient characters
Who totter through his history pages
Long since buried kings and sages
Warriors who fought
With only the thought

Of collecting weekly wages
And never knew their gallantry
Was busy making history.
And then he glances at me
Seeming to suddenly realize
The concentration of my eyes
I quickly shift my gaze and look
Before me at the open book
Pretending I've been reading all the while

Someday
Perhaps
I'll smile.

Michael John Nimchuk

Shelved

A SHORT STORY BY NORMAN NATHAN

► GEORGE STACEY WALKED quickly, yet with dignity, through the early morning gloom of the railroad station. It felt good to be taking the Lennox City train once again. Forty-six steps, go through the doorway, turn right thirty steps to track two, and there would be the express he had boarded daily for more than a generation.

He could find his way with his eyes closed, even after half a year. Forgotten energy freshened within him at the sight of the steaming locomotive. No electric stuff here. The stability, the changelessness of the scene before him, gave Stacey a contentment he had not known for months.

It was wrong to retire a man who had worked hard since he was barely able to work. For fifty years, the last dozen as general manager, Gaylord Tractors had occupied his almost every thought—and then he was sixty-five.

One day last fall Reynolds, chairman of the board of directors, came into his office. They chatted pleasantly for a quarter of an hour. Then, "I guess you know you're at retirement age, George."

Stacey was startled, "Retirement! Don't let it worry you, Jim. I'm not the type of fellow to yell for a pension when he's still got ten good years in him."

"The board's willing to vote you full pay. You've been a big asset to this company, George."

"That's mighty nice of them. But I'm not going to let them down now merely because age has made me a little smarter than you fifty-year olds." Stacey winked as he said this. A few minutes later all his jocularity left him.

He wasn't being offered a pension. He was being forced to take it. Scattered phrases of Reynolds' conversation still left an ache in his memory. A changing world . . . new ideas . . . new blood . . . Tim McCory, a real go-getter . . . we couldn't have both you and Tim run the show. Though he bowed out handsomely, he was bitter inside.

Of course, they offered to put him on the board of directors. But after all the muffled sarcasm he had aimed at them, he felt that he just couldn't face his former subordinates in what he had often called a "minor capacity".

He was asked to think it over. "Any time you change your mind," Reynolds had said, "just let us know." Stacey decided on a hands-off policy. He realized that he wasn't indispensable, still it would be interesting to find out how well the business would run without him. He had laid the groundwork too securely for the company to get into real trouble. Nevertheless, something would be missing without him; he knew he could be valuable and hoped that it would be discovered before he really was too old.

EACH WEEK THAT WENT BY left him a little less confident. To his wife, to his friends he still spoke with the same self-assurance, but the quick ear could detect that his speech was a trifle slower, as if to emphasize an importance that his daily inactivity denied.

Then, after six months of Tim McCory, Reynolds telephoned. "Nothing much," he said. "We'd like you to

come in just for a week or so. There's a bit of a snarl in the accounting department, and that was your specialty. Incidentally, there's no need to get here at eight-thirty."

"I've never been late for work yet." Stacey was a trifle gruff.

Nothing much, huh! They had to retreat slowly. If he put pressure in the right spots, maybe he'd be back at his old job before the week ended. Every jot of his waning confidence returned with added vigor.

Stacey selected a comfortable seat, made sure it wasn't over a wheel, and lit a cigar. He settled back and relaxed as much as he could. Soon the train began to move. Over on track four the express for Carson also was starting. Just like old times, Stacey mused as he puffed a little too rapidly on his cigar.

He should have expected that they would try to shelve him. He was old fashioned, they thought. Nevertheless, they couldn't deny that each year business increased 3 to 5 per cent over the previous year. Stacey used to brag about it. "Use tested methods," he would say. "Every year we're getting bigger and bigger."

"I still think we should have branch offices," Tim McCory put in on more than one occasion.

"We've always worked out of the central office. Cuts expenses and we can sell more cheaply. Look how our sales keep on increasing."

"Acme's sales are catching up with ours," McCory countered.

"Just a temporary spurt. Follow my methods, Tim. We're a good, solid institution, Gaylord Tractors."

Evidently the board had sided with McCory and used the retirement age regulation as a convenient excuse. Now they were reaping their harvest. Just a little trouble in the accounting department, huh! They had competent accountants. Matters of policy must be involved. No doubt they would talk over other aspects of the business. Today he was going to have his opportunity to show that things didn't change fundamentally. He was fully as good as he had been twenty years ago, only older and wiser and more convinced than ever that the pattern he had always followed couldn't be bettered.

"Ticket, mister," the conductor nudged him slightly. Stacey looked at him through the smoke of his cigar. "Huh. Oh! Guess my mind was miles away," he smiled as he opened his wallet to remove the ticket he had carefully placed in a compartment for years used for this purpose.

"This ticket's for Lennox City," the conductor said.

"I should hope so. That's where I'm going."

"Not on this train, mister."

"But this is the Lennox City express. I'm sure I went to track two."

"Track two!" The conductor puzzled a moment, then a possibility suggested itself to him. "Say, I get it. The Lennox City train used to run on track two. Now it's on track four. This goes to Carson. Where you been the past couple of months?"

No one ever accused Stacey of a lack of self-control. He smiled thinly. "O.K., my error. Sell me a ticket to Carson. I can get a bus from there to Lennox City."

This was just like the new world, making changes, useless, needless changes. But if the "new" world was going off on the wrong track, then there might well be no place in it for him. Reynolds would be right, not about the matter of age but about something more seri-

ous—the loss of contact with the current nature of business.

Not many minutes later he came to one of those quick decisions that always made him glow inwardly. By gad, he too could change! Not essentially, of course, just like the railroad. He'd be the same train, but on a different track. That was the trouble, the company had been too sure of him; and, he admitted, he had been too sure of them. The little quirk he recognized as important in salesmen, the ability to put on a face appropriate for the particular customer, he would now use for the lordly board of directors. Clearly they needed his help, and this was his opportunity.

He knew what he had to do. McCory must be making a mistake here and there. Everyone made mistakes; even he did once in a while. What Gaylord Tractors needed was an experienced man on the board of directors. He'd take the offer they made him six months ago. But he'd turn it closer to his own advantage. He'd ask for a title, something like special consultant. He'd make sure to include specific duties in his new job.

Reynolds probably, and some others perhaps, would silently object to this bid for renewed power. But none would dare voice an objection. His request would be so reasonable and be put in words so in line with current company policy that even those who saw into his real plans would have to be silent.

Special consultant, eh! Let McCory and the others do the leg work while he hovered around to stick his pitchforks into the tender parts of Tim's ideas. He'd learned one thing from his former assistant, how to put damaging criticism in the guise of simple suggestions. McCory would be especially vulnerable since he sought the approval of the board of directors. Stacey too would become part of the team—he hoped to be the star player—but without the responsibilities of the captain. This would be a new role, but not less active.

Stacey settled back in his seat, puffing slowly on his cigar. Only one factor disturbed his complete contentment. For the first time in fifty years he'd be late for work.

FOR A LATE SLEEPER

Ask of the delving mole,
and eyeless worm, the way
to ease the burdened bone
of too-bright day.

Under the chiselled stone
that lapidary Time has etched,
there take your ease, in a
long langour stretched;

no sun shall wake you,
no morning cockerel crow,
there you may sleep clock-round—
none care, or know.

Dorothy M. Brown

Five Poems

A. W. PURDY

DECREE NISI

I gave the night a god.
From some inexplicable impulse
I rushed outside naked
At twenty below zero—
A six-foot man under
The witness of tiered stars—
My body a target for arrows
That fall at my feet like servants.
In emptiness the land is mine,
Distant trees acknowledge me,
And lake ice splits in music
(Zither and flutes for David).
In silence I become legend,
No one has spoken or heard.

To be a god,
To be what you wish to be—
And having arrived, discard
The clothes you wore in stealth.
The white human body, cold
In a new climate; shrunken
Under the pitiless blue light;
The body that is my sole deed
And contract, the word said
Which means all that I am:
Not quite meaningless
Nor easily understood,
The choking sound of a man
In a locked Rosetta stone.

The man, the naked god,
Pointing a phallus at time,
In the dark age of puberty,
With savage shapes in his mind,
Inhuman night around,
Suddenly, shockingly,
afraid—

Go in and stir up the fire.
I think it will be colder.

THE STUDY OF ISLANDS

Sometimes I cast back over
Thirty years' seafaring.
The promontories are not
Those you would expect

To remember, but islands
Bursting up in the green ear:
Suddenly volcanic,
Suddenly dangerous atolls.

Islands whose responsibility
Does not end with departure;
Soul-captains soliloquize
Concerning ownership there—

Those keys open on white unknown
Coral dependencies
(Friday's or Crusoe's?), maritime law
Insular in simple minds of seamen.

Islands often absent in
The aorist with flower of surf
Closing above—an accident
Or geologic fault again expose

Them to winging white ships light—
Out from black hulls
Explorers' oars splash to them,
Boats full of incautious fools.

Lounge on white sand, drink
The sun-tasting native wine,
Sleep with the women,
And kill several dark island men.

Row away again to stopped ship
On night or noon sea—
Always the islands always
Slumbrous engines, hairy keels,
And half expected landfall.

Where and when a man's sticky blood
Gushes from ear and hand.
On those emplumed, pink coral coasts
Are always deferential,
Kindly, unambiguous brown men,
Awaiting your insult.

IN ELLESMERELAND

Waiting on the edge of the bad ice
in a skin tupek—waiting the great umiak
of the men with hair on their faces
which comes in spring when the ice breaks . . .

Someone* will lay out the blue fox
and skins of white bear for them;
cover the walls of the tupek
for oopernadleet, the white men—
light the seal oil lamps
till they shine on white bear and
blue fox, gathered inside the tupek
This is tornadek, the good spirit.
Someone has done this with long spear
and knife—someone is a great hunter.
Blue fox and white bear in tupek
where someone took you, placed you:
with the hunter who took them—
Place them on snow, hang them
on cooking pots and meat racks:
where the blue fur parts is light,
and white fur glows pink—
in a way you would not have known,
in a way you were not before.
The white men will be pleased.
It will mean sharp knives and wood
for sleds; it will mean
more than another hunter's skins
which are piled and thrown in one place
without honour. Someone has done this,
and blue fox and white bear speak
together. Someone will listen
to the thing that has been done,
the way they are which is good
—till the bad ice breaks.

*SOMEONE: the speaker refers to himself. See Theon Wright's novel about an Eskimo tribe, *The Knife*.

PAUSE

Easily the leaves fall at this season,
So numerous the eye arrests them
Here—outside the past or present
They achieve a continual beginning.

What they have forgotten they have forgotten.
What they meant to do instead of fall
Is not in earth or time recoverable—
The fossils of intention, the shapes of rot.

AND WE SHALL BUILD JERUSALEM?

From the factory at noon with fifteen minutes
in my pockets to spend:
the Church of the Nativity at St. Germain
and Ontario (not listed in Betjeman's parish churches);
the streets full of school children,
matrons and tradesmen, and traffic continuous . . .
Standing under the giant, stone-grey
monster, looking upward till things blurred.

The white marble virgin, benign and vacuous
(no strain or effort required for blessings),
treading out the life of an evil reptile
with its red mouth gaping (which I took
to be a harmless lizard). No doubt it's impressive,
has even a gathered crushed beauty
caused by so much weight falling into the sky.

All afternoon,
among the monotony of doing meaningless things,
my hands kept up their industrious trivialities—
I thought of the tawny
sunlight on temple roofs in the Land of Two Rivers,
stood on a jungle delta
when the priesthood originally
and willingly forgot their own clever origins,
as the land grew fat with waste gold.
But I could not forget myself
and the centuries' umbilical cord
that binds me to a fat imaginary god
with a seven day epic creative itch
that shrinks to a jingle my last best poem.

But I forgave him at five o'clock
the weariness of my limbs, the castrated
effigy of myself in a window—because
I saw between pale faces of travellers
going nowhere forever in busses
and motor cars, the tall church tower,
toiling into the sky its human filigree,
permitting the heavy bells to blaze
over the old town their passionate cries
of jubilant silver hypocrisy—
a tawdry embroidered magnificence.
Almost I forgave him the pale travellers
on busses, hid from the light a long time
between the sweating breasts of their women.

Correspondence

A LETTER ON THE EXHIBIT OF RUSSIAN PAINTINGS

It seems as if the new director of the Montreal Art Museum wanted to give the shock treatment to the public or at least get himself some free publicity. First, he arranged an exhibition of junk-yard pieces from south of the border where there are maybe more well-to-do snobs willing to buy "art", no matter what, and then, on the seventh of March, he held the vernissage of modern Russian paintings.

Wouldn't it be more natural to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Museum—which incidently is located in the second largest French speaking city of the world—to display an exhibition of old and modern French masters who have determined painting for these last hundred years? But no . . . our new director says with a perfect Oxford accent: "vive la coexistence" and borrows sixty canvases and about forty graphics from the Soviets for the Montreal public's benefit. And of course, as no agreement was made to have later some Canadian paintings sent to Moscow, this is certainly a one-way-street business.

Maclean's magazine helped to put out the red carpet by publishing nine color reproductions of Soviet paintings out of which only one could be seen on exhibit. Somebody goofed and *Maclean's* have given free advertising instead of factual reporting. Close to a thousand people showed up on opening night; even a federal minister was at hand and the newspapers used the gloves-on treatment.

But the art critics took off the gloves on the following Saturday. *La Presse* began by saying: "It was even worse than we expected. We knew it would be bad, we thought at least it would be ridiculous. It is not even that. It is drab. It is dusty. It is boring," and continued with: "it is not even bad taste, it is lack of taste, since there is a degree even in banality which one has no right to cross." The *Montreal Star* wrote: "It is like riding the Time Machine into a backwater of the Victorian era," and: "I find it hard to believe that all the Soviet painters are content with mild affirmations of landscape and enthusiastic celebrations of the good life, that none of them have been excited by what has been happening to art in the West in the past hundred years." *The Gazette* concluded: "Predominately and self-consciously preoccupied with superficial and determined illustration, it attempts optimistically to "sell" the U.S.S.R to the world."

The paintings, typical products of Soviet art, can be described with one word: mediocre. Their only virtues lie in hero worshipping and forced optimism; they are old fashioned in style as well as in technique, without the slightest originality, and inspired by the out of date idealism of the pre-impressionist period. Socialist realism obviously means to tell only the bright side of the truth. A few little mistakes, however, sneaked into the exhibition, such as the "October in Smolny" by Osenyev where we see Lenin talking with soldiers, with Stalin standing right behind him. If this episode was ever written in the history of the Communist Party, I am afraid it has been left out from the latest revised edi-

tion. Two drawings numbered 54 and 55 by Roiter from a serial about the virgin land, the pet project of Khrushchev, display some pretty clumsy propaganda. "On the Way" shows a group of young workers going to their "voluntary" works camps in Siberia packed in stock cars such as the ones used in Canada for shipping cattle. In "Morning in the Celint", we see "volunteer" working girls trying to wash their faces by the simple process of splashing a little cold water on their faces. If this is the way Comrade Khrushchev solves the hygiene problems, no wonder there has been some trouble in Kazakhstan.

I can't help thinking that there will be hundreds of far better pictures turned down by the jury of the annual "Spring Salon." Being more or less immune to the heroic approach to art, we may still prefer our decadent freedom.

TIBOR BARANYAI
Montreal, P.Q.

SONG OF THE GARDENER

I rested from my mowing
Down in the weedy hay.
A woman sidled by me,
Whistling Nuts In May.

A woman that whistles and a hen that crows
Are good for nothing, as anyone knows.

I told her, leave the whistling
To singing-birds and men.
She laughed. Then try and stop me,
And whistled on again.

A hen that crows and a woman that whistles
Are no more use than a field of thistles.

I softly stopped her whistling,
As was the Devil's plan
For me, poor silly devil
That thought I was a man.

A hen that crows will never lay,
And a whistling woman will turn you grey.

It was the whistling woman
That paved the way to hell.
Apples Be Ripe, she whistled,
I listened, ate, and fell.

A whistling woman and crowing hen
Are neither good for gods nor men.

Raymond Hull

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Too tired to work or curse
The white uniformed nurse
Sweeps the corridor with her feet. The neat
Matron in a cocktail mood
Her breast tops rising
Like two pale moons above the dark
Horizon of her dress, makes
A mortal gesture with her eyes
Bending too low above a tray of caviar
And sets the nursery door ajar.

J. W. Bacque

Record Review

The development of the string quartet relies almost wholly on this progression—from Haydn to Mozart to Beethoven. These three composers sum up its growth in form to maturity, and its unsurpassed heights of emotional vitality, on which later composers worked their variations.

Just as the string quintet has its own instrumental character and is not merely a quartet with a second viola or cello added, so its development did not parallel that of the quartet. You might expect the quintet merely to follow the development of the sonata form, as perfected by Haydn in his quartets. But Boccherini, "the father of the quintet" (in the sense that Haydn is the father of the quartet) never fully perceived the significance of the new sonata form. As a result, his hundred and fifteen (?) string quintets are more remarkable for their ingenious variations on the old suite form, than for any incisive exploitation of the innovations deriving from the experiments of Haydn.

Haydn himself composed nothing for five string-part combinations. (Asked why, he replied simply that he had never received a commission to do so.) So when Mozart took up the form seriously in the last five years of his life, his debt to Boccherini is clear. But, although he undoubtedly drew on the wealth of inventive instrumentation which Boccherini scattered so profusely, Mozart had absorbed the fundamentals of the new sonata form so thoroughly in his quartets, that he could adopt the more progressive features of Boccherini's vast facility and fit them into the mould of the new form he had learned from Haydn.

In the remarkable works which resulted, Mozart charged the sonata form with a new emotional and dramatic force. The highly polyphonic style which permeated all of Mozart's work and made the additional string part of the quintet an advantage rather than an entanglement allowed him a greater freedom of invention than the restricted developments of Haydn, where the violas so often double the basses. The G Minor quintet reaches a height of feeling not surpassed by Beethoven until his middle period. And when we remember that Beethoven's efforts in the same field were comparative failures, the quintets of Mozart remain the final statement on that form, as do the later quartets of Beethoven on the older form.

The significant difference is that Beethoven took a form already perfected, through the work of Haydn and Mozart, and exploited its range of expression. Mozart, on the other hand, turned to the quintet when it was still under the shadow of the old suite form. Through his efforts, it became not only as technically mature and progressive, but also as capable of emotional intensity as did the quartet thirty years later.

A few months ago Vox issued the complete quintets in a boxed, three-disc set, in its new series of chamber music releases.* The only other complete recording of these works is by the Budapest Quartet. But before comparisons are made, one should consider the bargain price of the Vox set, at less than \$2.75 a disc, little more than half the price per record of the Budapest set—a very good value for those to whom these works are not too familiar. Others who know them well may prefer

to shop around for single versions on a variety of labels which are more to their taste.

For the Vox versions do tend to be uneven, although the instrumental balance is good throughout; and in the three major works the balance is just about perfect. The range between *forte* and *piano* is not nearly what it should be, and we wait in vain for any really soft playing.

In the first of these works, K.174, the well-played opening movement is followed by a disappointing *adagio*, where the muted strings are too loud and spoil the intended development. The third movement contains a set of ingenious echo effects with a violin and viola *forte* answered by the other three *piano*. The lack of tonal contrast here largely nullifies the effect.

With the K.406, Mozart began to take the quintet form seriously; and apparently this arrangement for strings of a wood-wind Serenade (K.384) was more or less a warm-up exercise for the other two great works completed that same year, K.515 and 516. This performance of K.406 is well above that of the first work, and is altogether satisfactory except in the latter part of the *finale*. This, a set of variations, begins and develops well enough until the last couple of variations, where the group seems to start to relax too soon.

The C Major, K.515, approaches close to the grandeur of the best of these works, and here it is given a fine performance. The one place open to complaint is the minuet, where, in the first part, the arrangement of alternating *crescendo* and *piano* is virtually ignored. This is important because we see here how Mozart was already exploiting a device, a *crescendo* ending in a *piano*, for which Beethoven is always given credit.

With the next two works, K.516 and K.593, we reach the peak of the string quintet, and these players do them full justice. The performances are superb, easily the best in the set, especially K.516, where dynamic contrasts are more fully stated. The recording also maintains its quality throughout the entire 34 minutes, and there is no distortion at the centre of the record, as is often the case when one side runs to more than half an hour.

The last work, K.406, is an anti-climax, and not just because it comes after two remarkable and imposing performances. It does not receive the attention from this group that it should—e.g. there are no repeats in the first movement, even though the work as a whole is the shortest in the set—and in the *finale* we miss the lightness and brilliance of the preceding works.

Taken as a whole, the three best works in this set are given outstandingly fine performances, and the other three are better served on other labels. It was awarded the Grand Prix du Disque last year on its original release in France.

H. C. FRANCIS

*MOZART: String Quintets (complete). The Barchet Quartet, with Emil Kessinger, viola. Vox VBX-3 (3 records, not obtainable separately).

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will be mailed to all library subscribers with the May, 1960 issue. Individual subscribers may obtain a copy free of charge by writing the business department.

Turning New Leaves

► THE GENERAL CENTENARY celebrations of that *annus mirabilis*, 1859, which marked the appearance of *Origin of Species*, *On Liberty*, four *Idylls of the King*, the original version of *The Rubaiyat*, and the "best-seller", *Self-Help*, paid little attention to the publication of George Eliot's first full-length novel. But *Adam Bede* received wide attention from the outstanding periodicals of its day—exceptionally wide, since mere novels were not usually noticed outside the pages of the literary weeklies. Although the work of a relatively unknown novice, it was reviewed by nearly as many periodicals as the latest product of the Poet Laureate and the long-awaited work of Charles Darwin, and almost unanimously given lavish praise. Most periodicals, however, reviewed it because it was more than a mere novel. As the *Christian Observer* carefully pointed out, "With fashionable novels, as our readers know, we give ourselves no concern. We should as soon think of reviewing *The Sports Calendar*."

Within ten days of publication, John Blackwood was delighted to be able to tell her "that the murmur of opinion regarding *Adam Bede* is as . . . favorable as we could possibly wish," and by the last years of her life, George Eliot was regarded as the greatest of English novelists. Leslie Stephen rated her "the greatest living writer of English fiction." Frederic Harrison claimed that at her death in 1880 she "left no living novelist to be mentioned beside her," while warning of the tendency to place her rank too high. Within ten years of her death her reputation sharply declined, and by 1895 Saintsbury stated that "since some years past George Eliot, though she may still be read, has more or less passed out of contemporary appreciation." There were signs of interest from time to time: Proust acknowledged a debt, Virginia Woolf's estimate was high; but a devotee like Blanche Colton Williams could only regret that in 1936 "her centenary created scarce a ripple." In 1947 Gerald Bullett admitted that "the once formidable figure of George Eliot has fallen from its pedestal, to be swept away in fragments by the discreet janitor." As late as 1955 F. R. Leavis still felt that he must take it for granted that her reputation with both the public and critics was low.

If the general reading public had failed to grant George Eliot the kind of popular revival that Trollope experienced during the war years, Leavis need not have defended her against the critics; for the scholarly world had turned the full force of its energies upon the novels and the biographical materials. In the five years since the publication of the first three volumes of Gordon Haight's monumental seven-volume edition of the letters in 1954, forty-six learned articles (not to mention theses) have been listed in the official Victorian Bibliography, more than those published in the preceding twenty years, and this tide of attention appears not yet to have reached its flood. George Eliot now receives the kind of critical attention afforded earlier to such figures as Henry James.

If the writers of the three books at hand, Barbara Hardy, Reva Stump and Jerome Thale can be taken as representative,* George Eliot's literary reputation is, at the moment, secure on both sides of the Atlantic; for

it is quite evident that none of these critics feels any need for the defence by which books on George Eliot written over the past twenty-five years were usually prefaced. They take it for granted that the kind of reader they address rates her as highly as they do.

A second major change over the past hundred years has been in the critics' opinion of the relative merits of George Eliot's particular novels. Frederic Harrison's preference was the customary one. He rated *Adam Bede*, "the principal work," *Silas Marner*, "a true and exquisite work of high art," and *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, "the artificial products of a brain that showed symptoms of exhaustion." *Middlemarch* "becomes at last tedious and disagreeable by reason of the interminable maunderings of tedious men and women, and the slow and reiterated dissection of disagreeable anatomies."

Henry James, like Theodore Watts-Dunton, continued to prefer her earlier work. In 1925 Virginia Woolf found her power at its highest in *Middlemarch*, "the magnificent book which, with all its imperfections, is one of the few English novels written for grown-up people." Although Barbara Hardy does not declare her preference directly, it can be inferred from her criticism of the other novels that she would agree with Reva Stump and Jerome Thale that the now familiar pronouncement of Virginia Woolf is still generally unchallenged.

This change stems from the more significant change in the kind of interest aroused. Although George Henry Lewes was "much disgusted and somewhat disheartened" on reading the review in the *Statesman* because "the nincompoop couldn't see the distinction between *Adam Bede* and the mass of novels he had been reading," George Eliot was usually praised as a moralist. The titles of two early books, *The Ethics of George Eliot's Works* (1881) and *George Eliot, Moralist and Thinker* (1887) suggest the content of many others.

The second decade of this century tempered the earlier concentration on George Eliot the philosopher and moralist by an increasing interest in George Eliot the woman, shown in *The Early Life*, *The Inner Life*, the publication of various groups of letters, and studies of her relations with John Chapman and Lewes. It was only in the mid-forties that critics began to consider George Eliot the novelist primarily. Gerald Bullett found that it was an "excess of intellectual energy," the very thing for which earlier critics had prized her, that "prevented her from becoming the greatest novelist of her time." In her remarkably perceptive book on George Eliot, Joan Bennett devotes the introductory remarks to a discussion of "form."

THE EMPHASIS OF current criticism of the novel is demonstrated by these three books. Thale's major concern, "not with the age or with George Eliot's personal history but with her novels," is shared by the two other critics, as is indicated by the titles of their books: *The Novels of George Eliot; A Study in Form*, and *Movement and Design in George Eliot's Novels*. Each of them values her novels because of her relevance to the present time. Jerome Thale sees her importance for us in "that

*THE NOVELS OF GEORGE ELIOT: A STUDY IN FORM: Barbara Hardy; University of Toronto Press; pp. 242; \$3.50. MOVEMENT AND DESIGN IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS: Reva Stump; University of Washington Press; pp. 232; \$4.50. THE NOVELS OF GEORGE ELIOT: Jerome Thale; Oxford; pp. 175; \$3.75.

she is at (or very nearly at) the centre of the central tradition of English fiction," as defined "in part by F. R. Leavis." Barbara Hardy points out another kind of relevance:

George Eliot's formal subtlety is something which places her in a special relation to the writing of our own century . . . because it finds an expression for themes which are close to the themes of novelists and poets of our time. Her elaborate narrative pattern . . . is used in the service of a very similar picture.

Although in his discussion of the novels themselves he pays less attention to this matter than others, Thale agrees that "the significant characteristic of the novel since the latter part of the nineteenth century is its increased sense of form." Reva Stump centres on the "structure" that is established by the "rhythm", the "movement toward and the movement away from moral vision." Each of these critics, with varied success, seems to be pointing to what George Eliot claimed was the object of her novels, "aesthetic teaching," and to the combination that Henry James pointed out in praising a novel of Turgenieff: "It offers a capital example of moral meaning giving a sense to form and form giving relief to moral meaning."

These three again exemplify current criticism of the novel in their concentration on one particular aspect of the novelist's art. Both Thale and Mrs. Hardy devote a large proportion of their studies to imagery, and it is for Miss Stump the central factor; the "rhythm" on which she concentrates is established and perpetuated by a "complex pattern of vision imagery." Both she and Mrs. Hardy, while singling out specific images for detailed treatment, consistently relate these to structure, character, and theme. One sentence might be selected as representative of Miss Stump's treatment:

Almost all of the images contain their own antitheses and so interpenetrate that complexity does not yield to analysis until we remember that the complex of imagery pertains to the antithetical movements toward and away from moral vision.

It is representative, in addition, of much of the style of these three critics, particularly of Thale, who goes out of his way to point out "objectionable stylistic features" of George Eliot. It is interesting to note how often two of the words in this sentence, "complexity" and "antithesis," and certain others recur: "integration," "disenchantment," "alienation," "paradox," "dialectical synthesis," and "aesthetic distance." Another constant recurrence is indicated by Thale's complaint, in his review of Reva Stump's book, that in her treatment of imagery in *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Middlemarch*, "there is little reference to the other novels of George Eliot or to fiction in general." Certainly, this complaint could never be made about Thale himself or Barbara Hardy. In two pages Thale compares George Eliot to Wordsworth, Crabbe, Dickens, Faulkner, Hemingway, Aldous Huxley and Thomas Mann, while later pages are dotted with comparisons to Kafka, Camus, Robert Penn Warren, and a host of others. Some of these references seem rather forced and hardly profitable: "The name of Adam Bede like the name Christopher Newman carries a number of implications contributing to the effect of largeness." Beside Barbara Hardy, however, who makes constant reference to, among others, Dickens, James, Joyce, Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot, Thale is an amateur.

His comparison of Gwendolen to Raskolnikov is outshone by hers of Arthur Donnithorne to Macbeth. But all others pale beside her masterpiece: "Gwendolen is left alone, and for her the loneliness seems to be the only appropriate state. It is rather like the storm for Lear—we are conscious of the tragic reversal of power, warmth, ceremony, illusion, and love."

The style and the method prompt two questions: what audience do these three address? just how valuable are their books for that audience? A preliminary question might be: who reads George Eliot today? If the availability of her novels in popular editions such as the Modern Library, Everyman, the World's Classics, and the significant paperback is any guide, the general public has practically no interest in *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt the Radical*, and, in spite of Mr. Leavis' advocacy, *Daniel Deronda*, and moderately little in the remaining four. Such was not the case in 1859, when Lewes wrote to John Blackwood for the author:

Your letters are a succession of surprises. The success surpasses all expectation formed by E. or myself. It is intensely gratifying—not merely as success—but in a purely moral and literary point of view—showing that truth *will* move even the unthinking public as well as the thoughtful and feeling public. I confess I had never any doubts about the success of the book among the best readers; but it was always dubious how a work which flattered none of the reigning tastes or prejudices would be accepted by those who are led by these tastes and prejudices.

One hundred years later, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner* survive on the supplementary reading lists of the secondary schools and *Middlemarch* in the universities.

It is this audience, the student and teacher, not the general reader, that each of these three books addresses. This is the audience that Thale appears to be including in his use of "we." His pronoun, however, indicates an inconsistency of approach that underlies the whole book. The "we," typical twentieth-century readers, evidently naive, who have read the novels uncritically, often sentimentally, and missed the irony, this "we" shifts, within a paragraph, to the "we" who, superior to "old-fashioned" critics, have read "many of the works more accurately," whose "critical methods have had an openness and willingness to approach works afresh on their own terms." Barbara Hardy, on the other hand, carefully separates what she terms "the reaction of habitual readers of nineteenth-century novels" from what is "often the response of the average undergraduate today."

The three critics succeed in different ways. Jerome Thale, aiming at flexibility, seeking what "seems central to each of the novels," often, in spite of his basic assumptions, has something suggestive to say to the undergraduate on separate aspects of George Eliot's work. Reva Stump, selecting three of the novels, writes a narrower but more thorough book that will interest the specialist, above all the senior or graduate student. Barbara Hardy combines the wide interests of the one with the depth of research of the other to give serious readers, students and teachers, the most valuable critical examination yet produced of the novels of George Eliot.

It is significant that these three books come from university teachers, and that, while one is an expanded

doctoral thesis, each of the others has been preceded by a series of articles published in the learned journals. Perhaps this is the current academic version of Victorian "serialization."

R. SCHIEDER

Books Reviewed

THE CROWD IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION:
George Rudé; Oxford; pp. viii, 267; \$5.75.

"For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimaera, blowing fire!" Thus Carlyle on the Fourteenth of July, lushly romantic, riotously fantastical. And by and large, no one has ever really persuaded English-speaking people that it wasn't something rather like that. Very crazy, very French. It is not that the J. M. Thompsons have failed to put the event in some sort of order and perspective; it's just that the other version is more entertaining and appeals more to the naturally unhistorical—perhaps, better, anti-historical—approach which the reluctant "history student" every man is in adolescence condemned by society to be, normally adopts. Especially here in the New World where the Old Worlds World-Chimaeras have less frequently blown fire.

Thus the admiring reader of Mr. Rudé's excellent monograph may fear that his measured conclusions will make their way with difficulty in a field given over to The Drama. After all, take away the bloodthirsty howling mob from the French Revolution, and what have you? Nothing but the diabolic Robespierre, at least after the tumbrils have carted poor Marie Antoinette off to her reward. So Mr. Rudé is a spoil-sport, and he'll spoil the fun for the kiddies, if we let him. My thought, however, is that the schools are unlikely to let him, so that's all right. But a second enemy lies in wait for the author, if the first should fail: the great god Demos. Because if it was not the howling mob who stormed the Bastille, it was The People, that infinitely good, long-suffering, wronged and slighted, but finally triumphant collectivity which labors through the historical past against the forces of aristocratic and monarchial evil. And this is a foe historical scholarship and thinking have wrestled so long with that one can only cross one's fingers and wish the present book well.

It deserves well. Based on the mass of Revolutionary writings to date, and supplementing these with detailed police records, it describes the nature of the principal Parisian outbursts of violence from 1789 to 1795, analyses the composition of the crowds in each one, and tries to determine the motivations and the motivating agents in every case. Mr. Rudé breaks with the more or less standard version of the Revolution now in returning to 1789 as the real date of outbreak: the revolt of the aristocracy he consigns to the pre-revolutionary period. Certainly this reading fits his materials, but it may not be everywhere acceptable again. However, the problem is not critical. A more generally acceptable conclusion which breaks with earlier versions is that the September 1792 massacres were "by no means a sudden eruption, carried out in a momentary fit of passion or as the result of a short-lived panic." Though a further statement that they "completed the destruction of the internal enemy" seems to say both too little and too much: too little, since of the 1,100 or 1,400 slaughtered

only a quarter could possibly qualify as political enemies of the state; too much, since the Revolution involved the whole of divided France as well as Paris. In a general way, Mr. Rudé concludes that, with the exception of the October, 1795 insurrection, the Paris crowd was made up of craftsmen, wage-earners, shopkeepers and petty traders; that they were, therefore, of a different social origin than the directing political leaders; that they were certainly not the riff-raff and scum the royalist and neo-royalist historians have always maintained them to be; that they supported the objectives and slogans of the political bodies and groups, but were led on also by the demand for cheap and plentiful food and other essentials.

This is a book for every reader who still cares about one of the cardinal events of the modern world. And it is proof again that 170 years of writing and reflection on the Revolution have exhausted neither its materials nor its compelling interest.

JOHN C. CAIRNS

THE QUESTION OF TIBET AND THE RULE OF LAW: International Commission of Jurists; Geneva; pp. v, 208.

The International Commission of Jurists is a non-governmental organization which was formed in 1952, and which has consultative status with the United Nations Economic and Social Council. The Commission seeks to foster understanding of, and respect for, the rule of law. Its honorary president, Joseph T. Thorson, is a Canadian, and it is made up of twenty-two other members representing nineteen countries. No communist bloc countries are represented on the Commission, which published three reports on Hungary in 1957, and which has also taken a strong stand on the violations of the rule of law and of human rights in South Africa, Spain, and Portugal.

The events which took place in Tibet in March, 1959, and which led to the flight of the Dalai Lama to India, caused the Commission to appoint one of its members, Mr. Phurshottan Trikamdas of India, to investigate the situation, paying particular attention to the question of violation of human rights. Mr. Trikamdas was aided by a small team of experts and spent two months collecting documents, interviewing people (including reliable witnesses from Tibet), and studying the events as reported in press and radio—including the Chinese press and radio. The book under review comprises the preliminary report of Mr. Trikamdas and his team. It is to be followed by a further report by the "Legal Inquiry Committee on Tibet" consisting of distinguished independent lawyers, who will offer recommendations and conclusions on the Tibetan situation.

This report is divided into four parts. First, there is a brief description of the land and people of Tibet, and a chronology of events which have occurred there since 1947. The second and central part of the report considers the evidence available so far concerning alleged violation by China of various international instruments: the Seventeen-Point Agreement of 1951 concerning the status of Tibet and her relationship to China which was signed in Peking on May 23, 1951; and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and the Genocide Convention of 1948 (to neither of which Red China is a party). Evidence showing the systematic violation by China of the 1951 Agreement is printed *in extenso*.

Further evidence is printed which points to a systematic design to eradicate the separate national, cultural, and religious life of Tibet. As far as charges of genocide are concerned, the evidence indicates that at least a *prima facie* case exists against the Chinese government. A detailed discussion of the position of Tibet in international law forms part three of the report. Part four, comprising half the report, consists of documents relating to Tibet from the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1890 to statements made by Tibetans in India in 1959.

All in all, the report—even though of a preliminary nature—presents a formidable indictment of Communist Chinese activities in Tibet. The secretary-general of the Commission points out in the introduction to the report that the danger in such cases as that of Tibet is of a feeling of impotence and powerlessness overcoming a people in face of a *fait accompli*. The publication of such evidence, even though it can do little to mitigate the immediate plight of the people of Tibet, cannot fail to affect the prestige of the Communist Chinese regime throughout Asia. As the secretary-general of the Commission rightly puts it: "What happened in Tibet yesterday may happen in our own countries tomorrow. The force of public opinion however cannot be disregarded: ideas will penetrate where bullets will not."

PETER HARNETTY

THE ECONOMY, LIBERTY AND THE STATE:
Calvin B. Hoover; Twentieth Century Fund (New York); pp. 445; \$5.00.

The title suggests that this book is a study of the relationship between individual liberties and government intervention in economic affairs, but primary emphasis is placed on the economic power of the state and of public and private corporations. An American who lived for considerable periods in the U.S.S.R. and Nazi Germany, Professor Hoover concentrates his attention on these two countries and the United States, although he briefly considers such European democracies as Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Denmark and such totalitarian states as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. A short chapter on Britain is almost exclusively devoted to the nationalization measures introduced by the Labour Government from 1945-50, and to the reasons why the Labour Party no longer regards large-scale public ownership as the keystone of democratic socialist policy.

He cites Sweden's "experience with a managed economy without extensive nationalization" as an indication that little if anything is to be gained by public ownership of industries, while much may be lost. In the western democracies which have used nationalization most extensively, there has been no clear evidence that either productivity or enthusiasm for the community well-being has increased or that individual self-seeking has diminished. The author concludes that as long as the workers' standard of living continues to rise, both absolutely and relatively, the charms of nationalization will dwindle, and that modern democratic socialism is more and more coming to mean belief in the welfare state.

He begins his discussion of the Soviet Union by stressing the almost incredible contrast between the prophecies of Marx and Engels and the actual system established in Russia by the modern Communists. He sees no signs, under the Khrushchev regime, of a permanent

relaxation of controls or of a development toward genuine democracy. The doctrine of "collective leadership" clearly was a temporary expedient to mask the struggle for power after Stalin's death. It is interesting, if disconcerting, to find an American economist emphasizing the amazing productive capacity of the U.S.S.R., and assessing its rate of economic growth as approximately twice that of the United States.

Some readers will question his view that "Khrushchev, like Stalin, long ago ceased to be impelled by the crusading aspects of the 'World Revolution'." There will be little dissent, however, from his view that Russian history since 1917 indicates that the socialism which is concerned for liberty will not be attained by Soviet methods. Clearly the abolition of most private property does not automatically abolish marked differences in incomes, human acquisitiveness, or classes, though it can substitute a new class structure for an old. He sees some hope for the future in such a modification of communism as the new Jugoslav economy, where production is carried on, not by the state, but by workers' collectives faintly reminiscent of the industrial democracy envisioned by British Guild Socialists. "Though as yet inconclusive, the evidence that free societies might develop out of collectivist states of revolutionary origin affords the best hope that the catastrophe which now menaces mankind can be averted."

In an able chapter on the transformation of capitalism in the United States, the author discusses Roosevelt's New Deal as both cause and effect of this change. One of the outstanding developments during the twenty years of Democratic rule from 1933-53 was the marked decline in inequality of American incomes, particularly from 1939-44, when the war, with its labor shortages and high employment, rather than New Deal-Fair Deal policies, was the most important factor. A significant result was that in the United States, as in other countries, no government now considers it politically feasible to permit large-scale unemployment without resorting to economic intervention. In one impressive sentence Professor Hoover assesses the accomplishments of the New Deal. What it did, he says, was "simultaneously to prop up collapsing corporate capitalism, make deficit financing respectable, tremendously strengthen the economic and political power of labor and farm organizations, . . . establish a precedent for widespread governmental intervention in the economy, set up a program of social security, and modify the distribution of income in the direction of greater equality."

Mr. C. A. R. Crosland, in one of the most competent recent books on British socialism, declared that capitalism in modern Britain had been so transformed as to be almost unrecognizable and to make the traditional left-wing attack on it completely anachronistic. Professor Hoover makes the same point about capitalism in the United States. There large monopolistic corporations, often produced by mergers, bear more resemblances to public monopolies such as nationalized industries or government departments than to the classical picture of an individualistic free enterprise economy. He observes how little difference was noted, either by the workers or by management, when the British iron and steel industry was first nationalized by Labour and later denationalized by the Conservatives. In the United States, when Eisenhower's Republican administration succeeded the Democratic regimes of Roosevelt and

Truman, the transfer of power did not result in a return to laissez-faire, which indeed was more honored in theory than in practice long before Roosevelt's first presidency. Government controls over fiscal policy, production and farm prices continued almost unchanged, as did the general trend from a largely unplanned to an increasingly planned economy. If anything, the Republicans pursued antitrust policies more energetically than had their Democratic predecessors. By accepting and extending most of the economic controls initiated under the New Deal and Fair Deal, the Eisenhower government indicated that both parties considered state intervention a continuing necessity. Whether avowedly or not, the United States, like most other modern countries, has a socio-capitalist economy appropriate to the twentieth-century welfare state.

This is an economist's book rather than a political theorist's. There is much useful material, amply illustrated, on state intervention in economic concerns, with some analysis of the effect on what the author calls 'business' liberty. But there is little discussion of the fact that there are many kinds of liberties, some of which conflict, that laws which restrain some kinds of liberties, some of which conflict, that laws which restrain some kinds of liberties enlarge others, and that each community must decide the freedoms to which it wants to give priority. Professor Hoover has a curious and confusing habit of using capitalism as almost a synonym for democracy. Thus he contrasts capitalism with modern totalitarianism, and speaks of "the economic and political system of modern capitalism" as one in which freedom of thought is fundamental. He concludes, like most analysts of the subject, that effective harnessing of the modern Leviathan, compounded of all the old political power of the state fortified by a tremendous accession of economic power, will ultimately depend on whether it can be kept responsible to the people who have created it and whom it is designed to serve.

ELISABETH WALLACE

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND ACCOUNTABILITY: THE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE: Lloyd D. Musolf; Saunders; pp. 174; \$5.25.

This lucid and modest study is a welcome addition to the literature of Canadian public administration. The author is now Associate Professor of Political Science at Michigan State University and is serving as Chief of the Public Administration Group of that university in Saigon, Vietnam.

Professor Musolf states in his introduction that he was moved to investigate the problem of accountability in Canadian public corporations by his curiosity about the experiences with public ownership "in a country similar to the United States in economic and social background and to Great Britain in governmental institutions and certain cultural traditions." We may hope that other scholars from outside our country will be influenced to undertake studies of our institutions from similar motives.

The first chapter, "Pragmatism and Public Enterprise," is a short but perceptive analysis of the institutional and ideological framework within which Canadian public enterprise operates. This framework has been characterized by aggressive action by the federal government in securing certain national purposes through the public

corporation in an economic system dominated by the ideas and practices of capitalism. The Canadian people and successive Canadian governments have thus been willing to accept a substantial amount of public enterprise without giving the principle of public ownership their "emotional allegiance."

The pragmatic tradition of public enterprise in Canada has until recently at least forestalled the development of systematic theories of the accountability of public corporations and of policies for treating them as a group. Although the Parliamentary Debates on the CNR between 1919 and 1923 raised a very great number of fundamental questions about accountability, and the establishment of several public corporations in the 1930's accustomed the House of Commons to discuss the same general problem, little progress was made towards systematic doctrines or procedures of accountability. It was not until the enactment of the Government Companies Operation Act of 1946 and more significantly Part VIII of the Financial Administration Act of 1951 that parliament was moved to provide general procedures and policies for making the various classes of public corporations accountable. The second chapter, "The Roots of Accountability," sketches this general development with particular emphasis on the early debates about the CNR.

The body of the book is addressed specifically to the problem of accountability in public corporations of the federal government. Chapter III is an account of the techniques of ministerial control over these enterprises and Professor Musolf concludes that ". . . Canadian government corporations, while possessing varying degrees of independence from ministers, do not possess sufficient autonomy to endanger a system of ministerial responsibility" (p. 68). The next chapter outlines the responsibilities of the boards of the public corporations, the various procedures for representing regions, interest groups and expertise in their composition and the vexed question of the appointment of senior departmental officials to these boards. Chapter V, "The Ultimate Guardian," shows that parliament has shown much sporadic concern with accountability of public corporations but has not been either effective or imaginative in devising procedures for enforcing such accountability.

The last chapter is a concise statement of the author's conclusions and recommendations. As he sees it, the present problem relates not to ministerial control of public corporations but to more effective measures by the House of Commons for enforcing responsibility to itself of these enterprises. Professor Musolf's recommendations are modest—parliament should give systematic concern to all public corporations and not only the larger and more controversial ones, staff assistance to opposition members should be provided, the Public Accounts Committee should give more sustained and regular attention to public corporations and other committees of the house should do the same. The author concludes tentatively that beyond such measures the result of further standardization of controls "might be the loss of the essential qualities for which corporations have been created" (p. 145).

For this reviewer, Professor Musolf is unduly cautious in his general analysis of the problem to which his book is devoted. Nowhere does he attempt to evolve a satisfactory operational definition of accountability, "ultimate" or otherwise, or to state with any precision the

limits of corporate autonomy imposed by the parliamentary cabinet system and the circumstances justifying a greater or lesser degree of such autonomy. I would suggest that accountability and corporate autonomy, in the Canadian setting at least, are conflicting values; unless the House of Commons and the public can know with some exactness the *actual* influence that the ministers exert in the affairs of the various public corporations, accountability to the House of Commons in these matters is impossible and this and other studies of public corporations in Canada and elsewhere suggest that any attempts to delineate this influence precisely are fruitless. It is, I think, reasonable to criticize parliament not only for its ineffectiveness in enforcing accountability on established public corporations but also for its relatively uncritical acceptance of the corporate device when particular corporations, particularly those of the departmental variety, were being established, with the inevitable attenuation of the system of ministerial responsibility to the House of Commons which corporate autonomy involves.

DONALD V. SMILEY

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND RELIGION: A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS CONCERNING THE SUPPRESSION OF RELIGION BY THE COMMUNISTS 1917-1925: Translated and edited by Boleslaw Szczesniak; University of Notre Dame Press; pp. 289 xx; \$6.75.

Although there is a large body of writing on religion in Soviet Russia, *The Russian Revolution and Religion* is the first volume of documentary materials on this subject to appear in English. In view of the availability of such an excellent general survey as John S. Curtiss' *The Russian Church and the Soviet State 1917-1950*, it is unlikely that any documentary collection would attract the interest of many general readers in religious and international affairs, and in the case of Mr. Szczesniak's compilation the peculiarities of editorial license make the work especially limited in interest. The one hundred and fifty-eight documents which are reproduced appear in chronological order, which is not very helpful in view of the diversity of the materials involved. Some relate to Soviet policy on religion, some to the attitude of foreign states to this policy, some to the policy of the Orthodox Church, and still others to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia. The materials on Soviet policy, mainly laws and newspaper articles, provide the most cohesive part of the book although the articles are chiefly redundant anti-religious propaganda which is useful more to establish the flavor of Soviet policy than to convey specific factual information.

A considerable portion of the documents (thirty-eight) is drawn from the unpublished archives of the United States Department of State. Although less familiar than the material of Soviet origin, it hardly merits unquestioning acceptance as illumination of the Russian scene, for most of the diplomatic reporting was done from Riga in the absence of American diplomatic relations with Russia. Some of this diplomatic correspondence, as well as other material, forms the substantial portion of the volume concerning the fate of Roman Catholicism in Russia. Almost one third of the documents reproduced deal mainly with this question, which seems to be the main concern of the compiler. He is, of course, entitled to his interests, but the impartial his-

torian may well wish that the affairs of the Orthodox Church, which was incomparably more important in Russia, received attention on the same scale. In addition to the documents the volume contains ten appendices, of which the most valuable are chronological lists of Soviet legislation concerning religion. There is a short introduction, marred by poor editing.

In short, this compilation represents a modest increase to knowledge of Soviet policy on religion, illustrating the undoubtedly anti-religious attitude of the Communists without revealing a great deal concerning the more difficult question of the actual extent of the suppression of religion in the early years of the Soviet regime.

ROBERT H. MCNEAL

THE FRENCH POLITICAL SYSTEM: Maurice Duverger; University of Toronto Press; pp. 227; \$4.00.

In this book, written shortly before the revolutionary events of May 1958, Duverger analyzes the French system of government under the Fourth Republic. He comments on the defects of a constitutional machinery which magnified instead of resolving France's ideological and economic divisions. These comments are all the more interesting in that they were made at a time when it was generally believed—and Duverger shared in this belief—that the "regime" was unlikely to be amended in the near future. The author rightly shows that the distinguishing feature of France since the first world war has been "immobility" rather than "instability"; he also suggests that the cause may have been in a temporarily declining birthrate as much as in a political system unadapted to the present.

The analysis of the constitution of 1946 has now only historical interest, but the sections on political parties, on administration and on civil rights remain, on the whole, valid for the present. Brief as they be, the descriptions of the Council of State and of the civil service are among the best to be found in any textbook on contemporary France.

Regrettable are certain hasty generalizations. Saying, for example, that if the regime does not arouse much enthusiasm and is even despised "no other system is considered" (p. 12); or the affirmation that "one of the results of centralization in France is that no provincial newspaper has any political influence" (p. 124).

Duverger's study is to be added to those by David Thompson and Phillip Williams which give a good introduction to the government of France prior to 1958 and consequently help to better understand the newly founded Fifth Republic. One may regret, however, that the author or the publishers thought it preferable to offer North American students an abridged version rather than a translation of Duverger's existing textbook in French. Such students would probably have found it interesting to have not only a text written by one of France's better political analysts but also to have a text as written for Frenchmen.

JEAN LAPONCE

A HISTORY OF HONGKONG: G. B. Endacott; Oxford; pp. xiii, 322 with illustrations and maps;

Mr. Endacott, in his preface to *A History of Hongkong*, disclaims any attempt to write a definitive study of Hongkong. He points out that for some readers his treatment of the economic development in this crown colony will appear inadequate; for others there may seem to be too much emphasis on British activity on the

Chinese coast at the expense of the life of the people in the colony; while still others may feel that the story of modern Hongkong has been too sketchily presented.

Be that as it may, for the great majority of people who have never lived in Hongkong, Mr. Endacott's book is an adequate and interesting picture of the birth of Hongkong and its growth in importance in world affairs.

Mr. Endacott often uses original documents to trace the causes leading to the taking over by the British of this small island near the China coastline not far from the entrance-way to Canton, an island which previously was almost unknown to the Western World, and was too tiny to be recognizable on any Western map. He sketches its early development from the time when the island was used as a "factory" (a term common at that time in the East for a large warehouse with added accommodation for residence of employees of a company), then a mercantile station, and finally a crown colony of the British Empire. He describes how it grew from an island with a fleeting, floating population to a solidly settled community whose flourishing economics became its dominant interest, and whose trade with China soon mounted to more than one-half of China's imports from abroad, and more than one-third of her exports to other countries.

It is refreshing to read Mr. Endacott's analysis of the various events preceding and leading up to the acquisition of Hongkong by the British. He writes with authority because his basic material is found in the contemporary official dispatches between Britain and China, and between British officials on the field and their government at home.

Various historical points of view are clearly presented. This makes it unnecessary for the author to indulge in vindictive statements on the one hand and in a sentimentality of treatment so often associated with the so-called "Opium War" on the other. He gives us a picture of human beings appealing to motives neither worse nor better than those entering into negotiations for peace and war at the present time. When history is written with acceptance of the ethic of the period under consideration, one is able to obtain a much more objective and understandable picture of what actually took place, and from this to make a more valid appraisal. History then takes on a certain inevitability. This, I feel, Mr. Endacott has succeeded in doing.

In the beginning China did not need, or want, European products. To quote, "it was westerners and not Chinese who sought the trade which was a favor granted to them on Chinese terms. Besides, if merchants came to China, they must clearly obey Chinese laws: 'Obey and remain, disobey and depart; there are no two ways' said Governor Lu Ku in 1835."

From that date on, one can feel the mounting pressure exercised by westerners in order to capture trade and obtain the lucrative profits from the exotic products available in the Orient. At the same time, one becomes very much aware of the attempt to break down what the west felt were unilateral trading conditions, in order to secure what seemed European fair play and treatment on a basis of equality.

Endacott raises the question: could China, or should China resist this mounting pressure? He concludes that she was not strong enough at that time. Although today it may seem amazingly possible for nations to isolate themselves from the rest of the world by iron curtains

or silk curtains, or bamboo curtains, this was not the case in the 1830's and 1840's; the avaricious greed of traders, both western and eastern, proved too irresistible.

Finally, Hongkong became a partial solution to some of the difficulties arising between East and West, such as the mutual suspicions and misunderstandings among men of vastly different cultures, and the disdain that one group entertained for the other. This was so marked that even though the Chinese were willing to trade with the westerners, they did not wish to mix with them on any level.

Mr. Endacott deals effectively with most of the major problems arising when the West began hammering down the old barricades of iron-bound tradition that encased the Celestial Empire; but this brief review leaves space to mention only two or three of these. Interesting and most important is the author's treatment of Hongkong in the changing world of the last few decades; also Britain's altered position after World War I; and the rise of Japan as a world power. These provide an excellent back-drop for the approach of World War II.

If there is any deficiency in this author's history of Hongkong, it is to be found in the all too brief and factual outline of events connected with the fall of Hongkong in 1941, the period of occupation by the Japanese, and its recovery once more by Britain. He does mention, however, the strong pressure exerted by the American Command in the Far East to have the surrender of Hongkong by the Japanese made to Chinese forces under Chiang Kai-shek, rather than to the British. This is a chapter rarely found in any official reports.

On the whole, this book, *A History of Hongkong*, contains a fund of valuable information, but its appeal would be limited largely to those interested in the story of this small British outpost on the Asian coast.

L. C. WALMSLEY

POEMS: Florence Wyle; Ryerson Press; pp. 16; \$1.00

MORNING ON MY STREET: Myrtle Reynolds Adams; Ryerson Press; pp. 12; \$1.00.

MOON LAKE and other poems: R. E. Rashley; Ryerson Press; pp. 10; \$1.00.

Reviewers find themselves warned early of the "biographical fallacy," but it would seem to be impossible to assess the worth of one of these recent Ryerson chapbooks without some knowledge of the author and her other activities. One wonders whether these twenty-six "poems" by Florence Wyle would have found book publication if she had been an unknown Canadian—not that many unknown Canadians write in as pictorial and succinct a style, and her brief descriptions of nature and her reactions to some of its forms are never cluttered up with sentimentality. (As Ira Dilworth notes in the foreword, the poems have the dignity of Miss Wyle's sculpture.) The book—containing only a small percentage of the author's total production—is of most interest as a side-growth of a major talent in another medium.

Read in juxtaposition to the simplicity of Florence Wyle's poems, some of Myrtle Reynolds Adams' lines make somewhat startling contrast. "The little aproned lady . . . reaching through eighty-year-old eyes for dust on the walk, then the big-as-herself broom swish

swish Up and down and around to the back stoop . . ." "This our whateverness stalks out of the dream rosily naked." Her shorter, more disciplined lyrics say much more and say it more effectively than the longer. Among the author's achievements listed in the front of the chapbook is "twice poet laureate of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs," during a twenty-year residence in America.

To me, *Moon Lake* is the most satisfying chapbook of the three—perhaps because of the authenticity of the "western" feeling in some of the poems. (Incidentally R. E. Rashley has had several earlier books in the Ryerson series.) But the work falls short of true poetry, particularly because of prosiness, lapses into trite conversational style—for instance, "swings at incredible speed," "he seemed to be greatly interested," "agony of spiritual distress." Yet Mr. Rashley is capable of writing "floating through scent like a fish curled sensuously" and "silver lovers swim in the air," and the twist of thought which redeems the end of "Spring."

ANNE MARRIOTT

O TO BE A DRAGON: Marianne Moore; Macmillan; pp. 37; \$3.00.

One hesitates to call Marianne Moore an American Edith Sitwell, but the comparison does at least contrast them in an appropriate fashion. Miss Moore has much more Emily Dickinson in her than Dame Edith, but then there is quite a bit of the prophet Iaiah in Dame Edith, particularly since 1939. There is, of course, no Isaiah in Miss Moore but neither is there a *Façade* suite to be found in any of her work. What both have in common is a great interest in the poetic word *qua* word, particularly the exotic or poetically impossible word. The overall effect after reading a poem by either of them is the curious sensation that you have been regarding a Byzantine mosaic in strong light at too close a range. On the positive side, however, both are extremely competent and well equipped literary lapidarians.

In neither Miss Moore's case nor Dame Edith's does it stop there. To follow up only Miss Moore's: *O to Be a Dragon*, which is her latest volume, presents fifteen new poems which prove that she is not preoccupied with verbal effects alone. There are actually sixteen poems if the reader is permitted to count the five pages of notes at the end of the volume. Most of these poems are rather short. Some of them are light, imagist pieces, ranging from four-line epigrams to much larger structures, like the two-page celebration of the victory of the Brooklyn Dodgers at Yankee Stadium. One does not usually expect frail little women to be pioneers or Dodger fans, cheering from the bleachers, but Miss Moore has shown herself to both. In one poem at least she is right out front changing fact into fancy and rendering a lot of hitherto undigested material into nourishing poetry.

Foreigners seem to be fascinated with American baseball but poets have avoided it. There are a few verse treatments but "Casey at the Bat" is the only successful one which comes to mind. Miss Moore's "Hometown Piece for Messrs. Alston and Reese" is a serious treatment of this important social function, but it certainly is not a solemn treatment. There is humor in every line and when the humor is not obvious at first, the notes at the back give the context of the remark which, in most cases, has been culled from the sport pages of the *New York Times*. Miss Moore has imaginatively refined the substance of the all-American he-man sport into a

diminutive epic. Heroes again walk the earth, or the diamond. But the epic is a personal accomplishment. It begins:

"Millennium," yes; "pandemonium"!

Roy Campanella leaps high. Dodgerdom . . .

Only once are the rhymes irregular: innings/everything's. But the pace is rubato because the frequent quotations from sports writers ("Hope springs eternal in the Brooklyn breast") and the unusual details ("A-squat in double-headers four hundred times a day") are unexpected to the eye, although perhaps not to the ear. It takes a good sense of rhythm to keep the poem rolling, but Miss Moore has it.

The rest of the poems in *O to Be a Dragon* are less humorous and spontaneous in comparison. They deal with dragons and a number of smaller beasts, gardens, an arctic ox in Vermont (via the *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1958) and three saints. Each subject becomes an object as Miss Moore's microscopic mind focuses upon one of its hitherto unobserved details. Words are hyphenated and unexpected correspondences are introduced in order to convey the effect of new observations in novel rhythms.

The three saints who are dealt with in separate poems are St. Nicholas, St. Valentine and St. Jerome. "Saint Nicholas" is simply a Christmas gift list for the poet, a Finchian poet to be sure. "For February 14th is a Valentine list which includes the plume of a "paradise-bird" as suitable for the occasion because Noah's ark did not sink. "Leonardo da Vinci's" deals with the artist's unfinished painting of St. Jerome. Miss Moore briefly studies the greatness of both artist and saint.

Pacific yet passionate—
for if not both, how
could he be great?

Many of these poems seem to have found their point of origin in specific literary experiences. Part of the excitement of reading them results from the joyful ingenuity the poet must have felt in her creative freedom and restrained caprice. To put it another way, Miss Moore's poetry seems on occasion to be about the way she writes poetry. If this reading is true then the section on rhyme in the middle of "Enough," which is ostensibly about the Jamestown Settlers in 1607, seems appropriate.

No select

artlessly perfect French effect
mattered at first. (Small points in rhymes
for maddened men in starving-times.)
Tested until unnatural,
one became a cannibal.
Marriage, tobacco, and slavery,
initiated liberty . . .

The poem "Values in Use" is derived from references to Philip Rahv, who apparently feels that art has an autonomous value and not an historic one. Miss Moore disagrees sweetly: "Be abstract and you'll wish you'd been specific; it's a fact."

But the specific is not not the particular. Consequently there are no mirrors or references to them in *O to Be a Dragon*. There is only the poet's wish, in the title poem, to be a dragon "of silkworm size or immense; at times invisible. Felicitous phenomenon!" There are, however, a large number of chameleons in the collection. One of them delightfully confuses a dinner with an impression, for this chameleon is able to "snap the spectrum up for food."

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

THEORIES OF HISTORY: ed. Patrick Gardiner; Burns and McEachern; pp. 549; \$8.50.

This is a book that puts its second-best foot forward. It is big and heavy; its pages are crowded, its typography square. One might expect so compendious a volume to begin with Augustine: instead, it begins with Vico, and even in the bibliography looks no farther back than Bossuet. And so it is a collection only of modern theories of history.

The question now arises—who is likely to find such a collection useful? What serious student is denied access to the full text of Vico, of Marx, Spengler, Toynbee? Who can derive much profit from nine pages of Vico, twelve of Marx, ten of Spengler, ten of Toynbee? These questions hide an assertion: I believe in books, not textbooks.

And yet, when we examine these and other passages in the first half of the book, we find them to be well selected and provided by the editor with short, lucid introductions, all with a view to providing a matrix for the discussion in the second half, of recent views concerning historical knowledge and explanation. The book, on closer examination, turns out not to be an ordinary omnibus at all but essentially a collection of contemporary arguments in historical theory—many written by quite youthful scholars—together with a body of background material. It remains of exclusively academic interest, but I think a graduate seminar might be conducted around it and persons with an interest in philosophy and history might use it as a basis of discussion. The philosophical concern, however, limits itself to the basis of our knowledge of the historical world and to questions of historical causality and logic. The lively contemporary discussion of what may be called the theology of history finds no place in these pages—except in the admirable bibliography.

WILLIAM BLISSETT

LIVING IN THE PRESENT: John Wain; paperback pp. 248; \$1.25.

Now published for the first time in North America, the young author says of this his second novel that it has been damned by reviewers in England. Considering it beside *A Travelling Woman*, there seems to be no good reason for this condemnation except that in the opinion of these venerable gentlemen it did not come quite up to the standard of his first book, *Hurry Down*.

Its mood of outraged ennui and its gallows humor struck this reader as very funny indeed. Granted the joke is attenuated, it is nevertheless sustained. Edgar Banks, the unheroic hero unsuccessful and unsuited to his chosen role, is an engaging and un-boring boob. His robust hatreds and wallowing in constantly more diluted despair builds up a suitable background for the wonderfully exaggerated and cruelly accurate caricatures of this rogues' gallery.

As usual Wain is at his best creating his loathsome children who provide him and us with the most hilarious scenes. The lower-middle-class English mother is horribly lampooned, carved, oh so neatly near the bone and served to us with relish. With a lecherous and alcoholic Scotsman on the make in London he reverses the picture of the quaint and lovable northerner.

What fun this writer has flaying us all with vindictive adjectives to the evident edification of everybody. That is to say, his books sell well.

H.T.K.

FREE JAMAICA: Douglas Hall; Burns and McEachern; pp. 290; \$6.25.

The Yale University Press has undertaken a new series of studies on the Caribbean, under the general editorship of Sidney W. Mintz. *Free Jamaica*, the first of the series, makes a fine introduction. Its author is Douglass Hall, Jamaican-born, educated at the University of Toronto and University of London, and now on the staff of the University College of the West Indies.

Free Jamaica covers the years 1838-1865, the period immediately after emancipation, the years when certain characteristics of vigor and independence were appearing that have marked the people of this island ever since. There was the good fortune of having two excellent governors, also known in Canada, Lord Elgin and Sir Charles Metcalfe. But there were also bad governors and one caused a hideous disaster at Morant Bay in the last year of the period with which the book is concerned.

Sugar, of course, was still king and the life of the colony revolved about it, the tempo rising and falling with sugar prices. But other crops were being cultivated and small industries were being started. Ex-slaves were becoming peasants, farmers, small shop-keepers, as well as wage-earners on sugar estates. Some of them were getting an education and a few began to enter the professions. Villages and towns were growing and there was an increased interest in local government.

Hall describes the changes and growth in considerable detail, giving a wealth of information about production and marketing. This is an economic rather than a social history but one gets an excellent picture of Jamaican people. The book contains many tables and an elegant map.

With the interest that Canada has in the Caribbean, this new series will be watched with attention. J.R.K.

SHORT STORY TWO: Karlen, Weber, Rumaker, Friedberg; Saunders; pp. 330; \$5.75.

The first volume of this series of short stories each representing four writers was reviewed here last year and it is a pleasure to report that volume two maintains the high level of skilled writing. There are fewer memorable stories but we are introduced to that rare specimen, a humorist. The four stories by Gertrude Friedberg are quietly and delightfully funny. *Where Moth and Rust* is reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* about a hard-pressed "homemaker" keeping her house in minor repairs. Two others are on the theme of the pathetically funny adolescent vis-a-vis the non-plussed parent or guardian. The complete misunderstanding which results manages to be touching as well as amusing. Her fourth story, a peek into the minds of baby-watchers in a park is a little less successful. Arno Karlen, the youngest of these writers (22) is the most dramatic and powerful. His story *The Clown* about the cruelty of the role imposed by fate and fellow-workers on a circus performer could have been hackneyed but is charged with meaning.

The other two writers are also skilled in their craft but one has the feeling of having read their sort of stories before. Rumakers' have the immediate quality of violent movie scenes, and Sally Weber's talent is for the minor tragedies of provincial people.

The publication in book form of so many good short stories is evidence of the attention being paid by both reader and writer to this form.

H.T.K.

